

FLYBOY



THRILLING ADVENTURES OF FLYING CADETS

FLYBOY

ANC

10c
SPRING

Parachuting to Treasure
ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS



When the Pilot Blacked-Out
STUNTING WITH DEATH



The Colonel Was a "Softie"
GRIPES OF WRATH



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TRAINING for COMBAT



GADET TRAINING MAY BE A LONG, TOUGH GRIND — BUT EVERY BIT OF IT IS ESSENTIAL. WHAT HE LEARNS IN GROUND SCHOOL TODAY MAY SAVE HIS LIFE IN THE AIR TOMORROW!



THE CADETS PRACTICE STUNT FLYING WITH SPINS, LOOPS AND IMMELMANN TURNS UNTIL THEY CAN DO THEM LETTER PERFECT. THIS EXPERIENCE MAY SAVE SPLIT SECONDS IN AIR COMBAT AND MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.



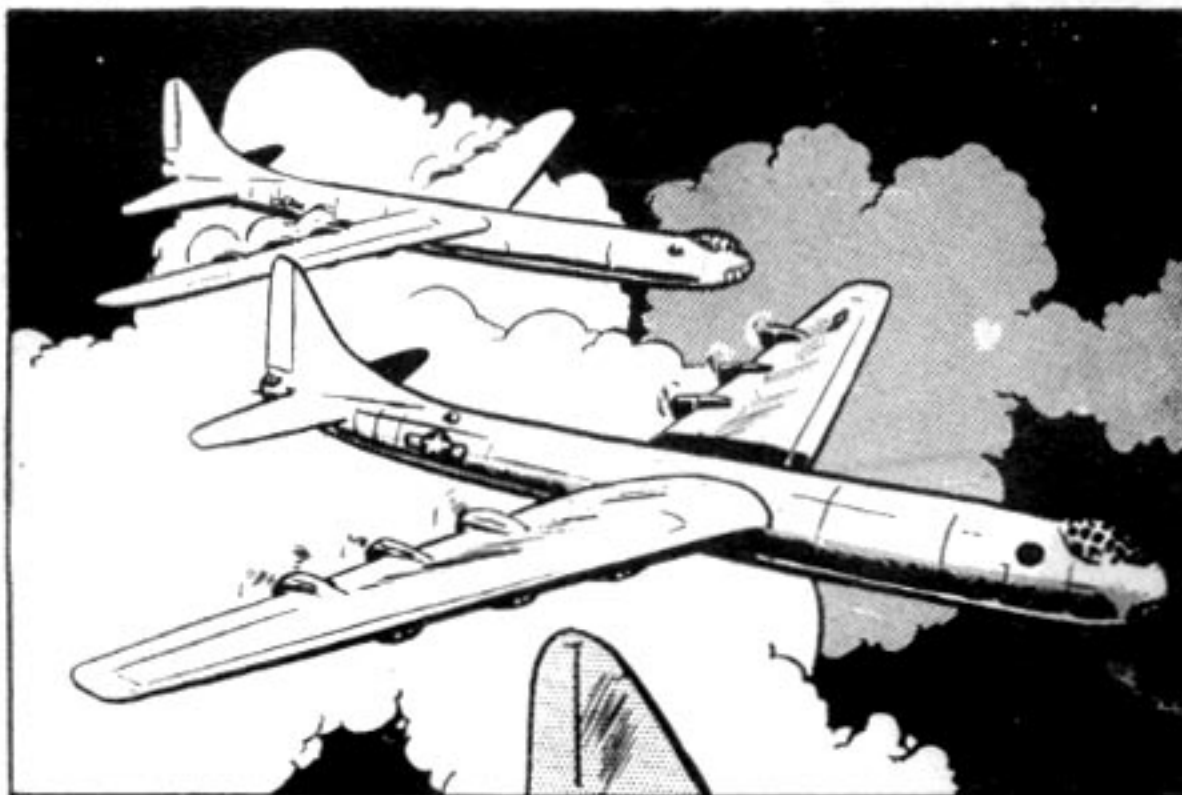
THE STUDENT PILOT DOES HUNDREDS OF HOURS OF BLIND FLYING IN THE LINK TRAINER WITHOUT LEAVING THE GROUND. THIS MACHINE GIVES A PERFECT ILLUSION OF BLIND FLYING, COMPLETE WITH BUMPY FLIGHT, ENGINE NOISE AND INSTRUMENT READINGS.



SPOT LANDING INSIDE A 100 FOOT CIRCLE MAY SOUND EASY, BUT THAT WHITE RING LOOKS AWFULLY SMALL FROM THE AIR. LANDING STRIPS IN A WAR ZONE ARE SMALL AND ROUGH, ACCURACY IS IMPERATIVE!



THE **SEAT EJECTOR** ENABLES THE JET PILOT TO BAIL OUT SAFELY IN SPITE OF THE 600 M.P.H. SLIPSTREAM. SUCH EJECTION CAN BE DANGEROUS IF NOT EJECTED CORRECTLY; SO CADETS PRACTICE IN THIS GROUND MODEL.



FORMATION FLYING IS FOR PROTECTION — NOT BEAUTY. THE PURSUIT PILOT IS COVERED BY HIS WINGMAN, AND THE BOMBERS USE THEIR COMBINED FIREPOWER TO REPEL ATTACKERS.

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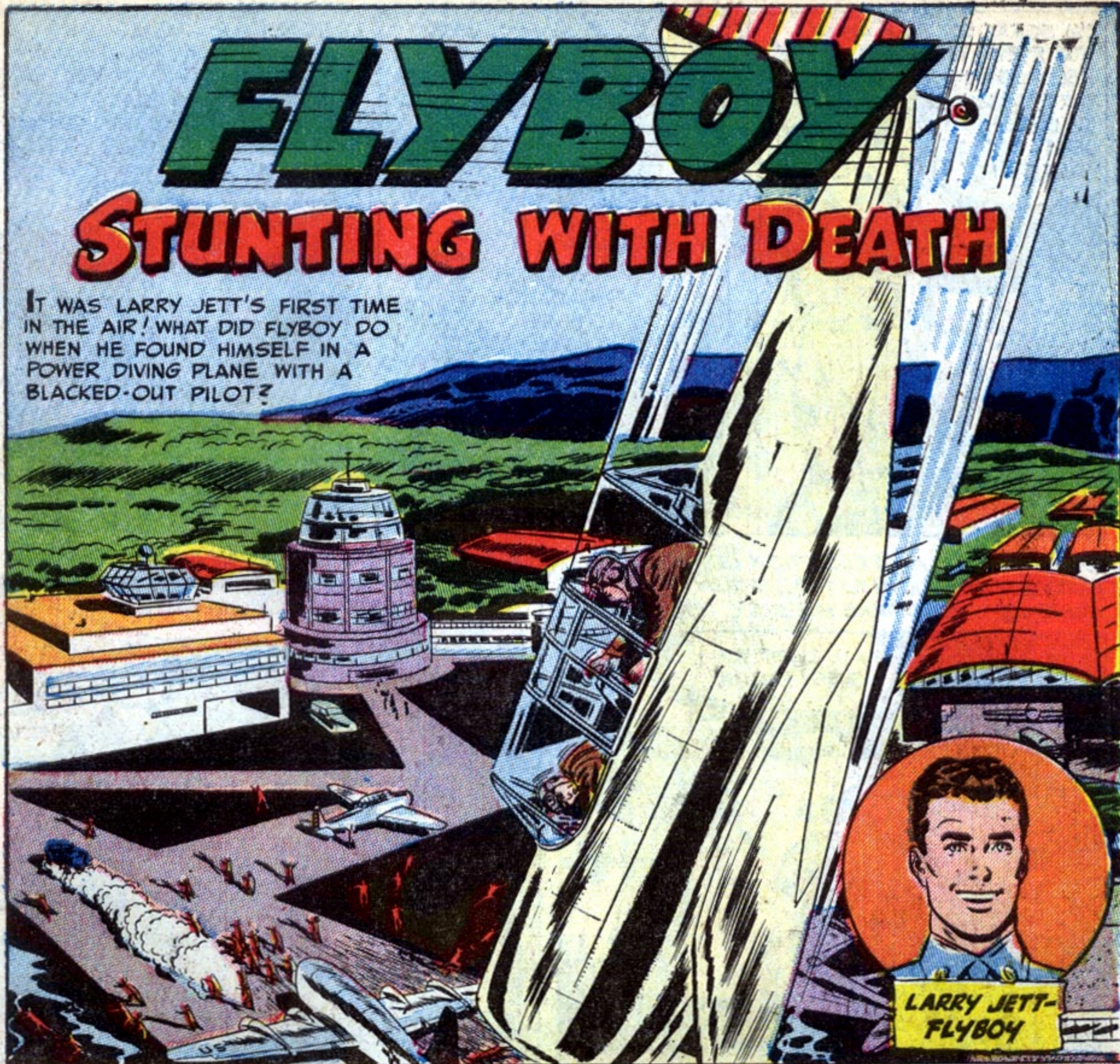
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FLYBOY

STUNTING WITH DEATH

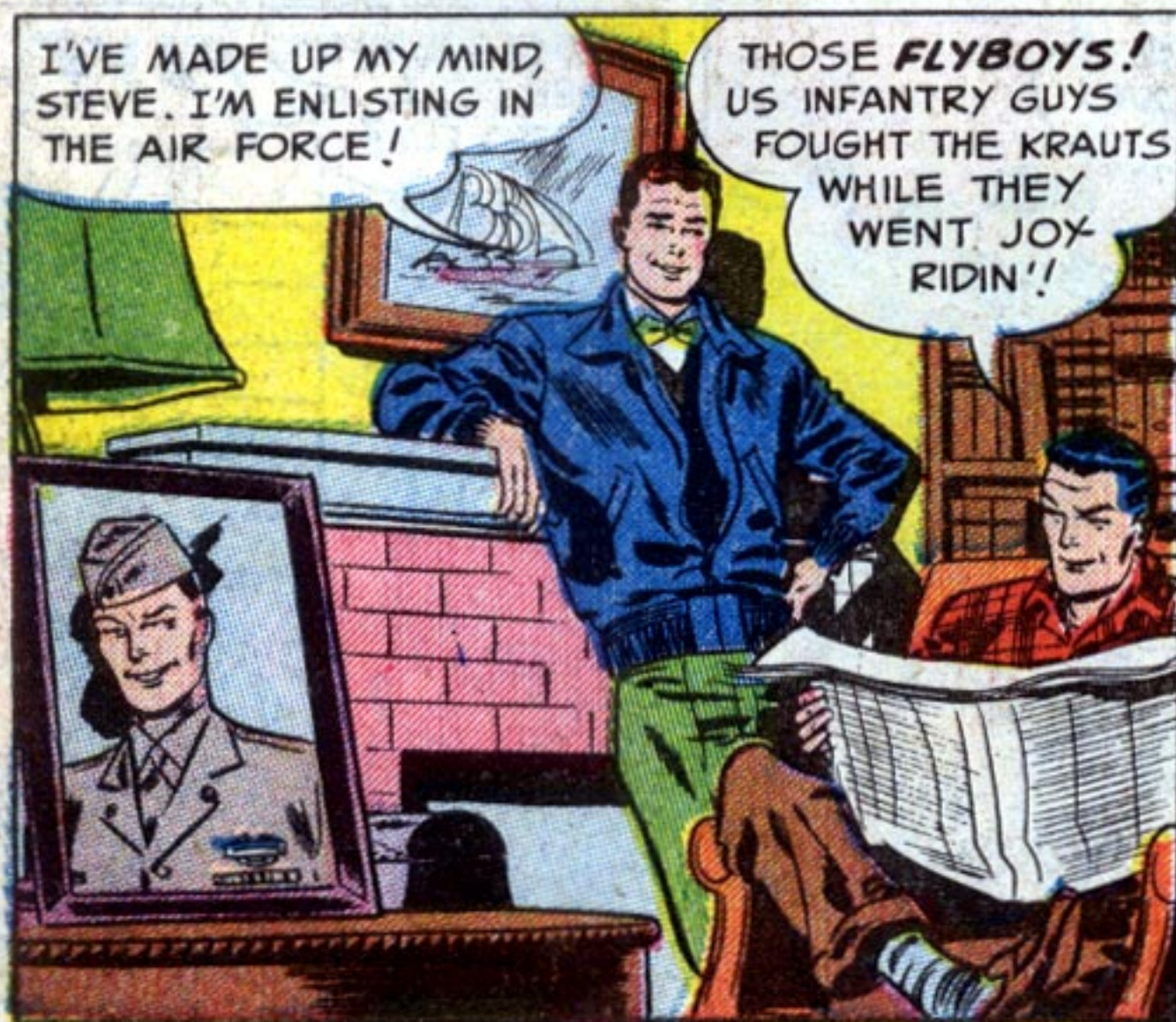
IT WAS LARRY JETT'S FIRST TIME IN THE AIR! WHAT DID FLYBOY DO WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A POWER DIVING PLANE WITH A BLACKED-OUT PILOT?



I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, STEVE. I'M ENLISTING IN THE AIR FORCE!

THOSE **FLYBOYS**! US INFANTRY GUYS FOUGHT THE KRAUTS WHILE THEY WENT JOY-RIDIN'!

WHY NOT GET IN A **REAL** BRANCH OF THE SERVICE, LARRY? MY OWN KID BROTHER JOINING THE **AIR FORCE**!





AFTER A WEEK AT A RECEPTION CENTER LARRY HEADED SOUTH TO THE STATION WHERE HE WAS TO TAKE HIS BASIC TRAINING.

HERE LARRY'S CAREER AS AN AIRMAN BEGAN...





THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT'S WHY I
JOINED THE AIR
FORCE!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU
JOINED THE AIR
FORCE. I WAS
WONDERING!

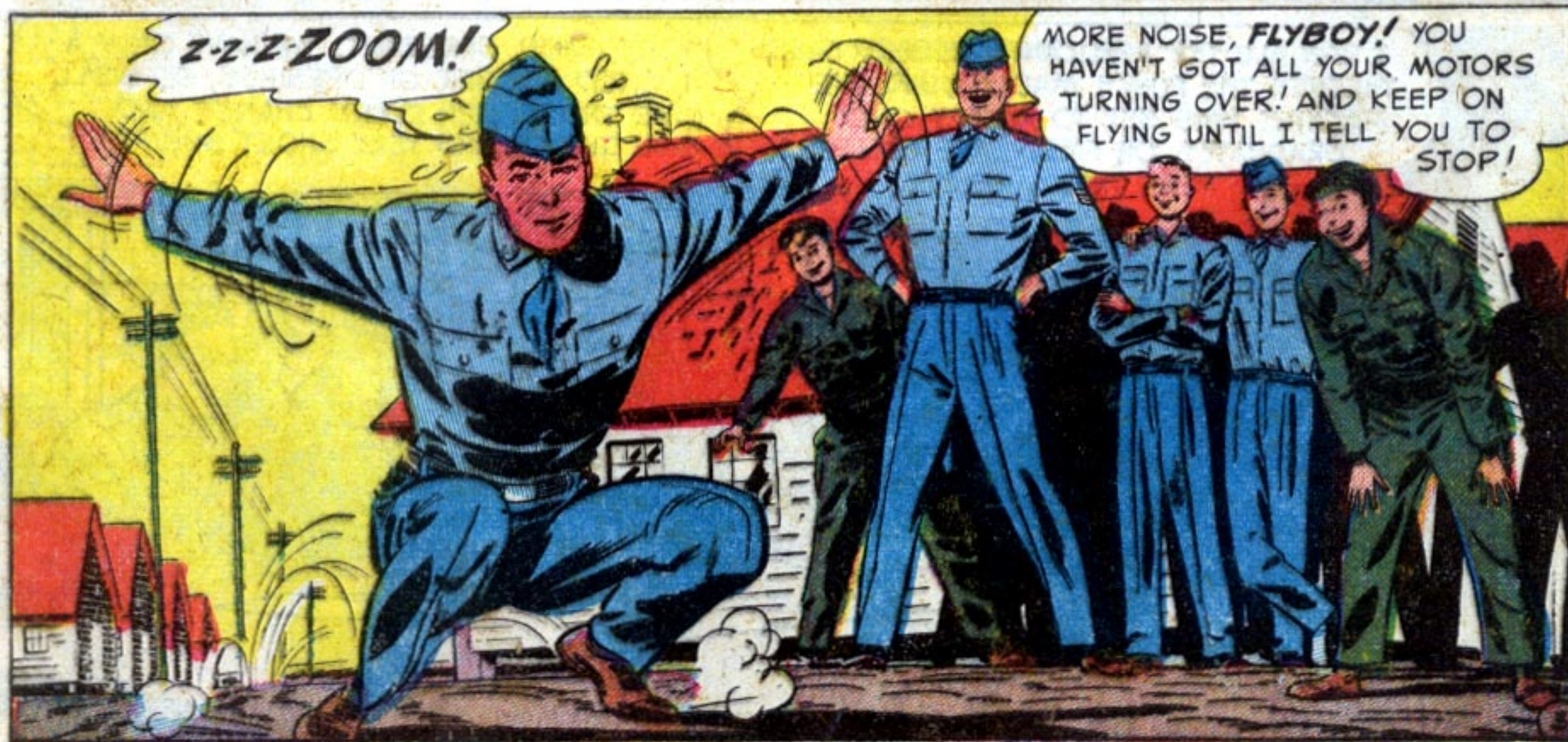
HE WANTS
TO **FLY!**



YEAH, JETT WANTS TO **FLY!**
YOU WANNA BE A FLYBOY,
DONCHA, **FLYBOY?**

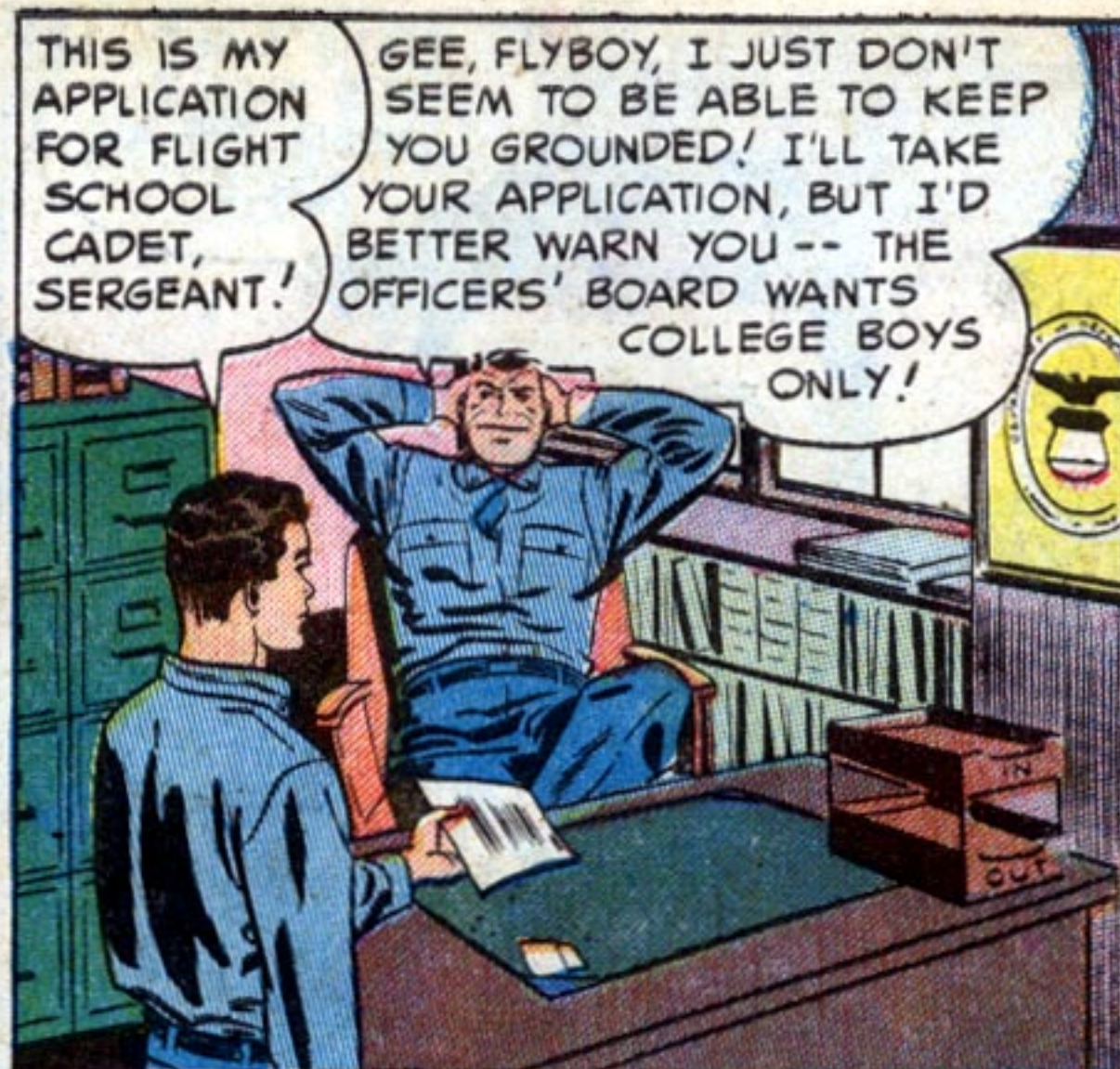


OKAY, FLYBOY! I'M
GONNA FIX IT FOR
YOU TO **FLY!**

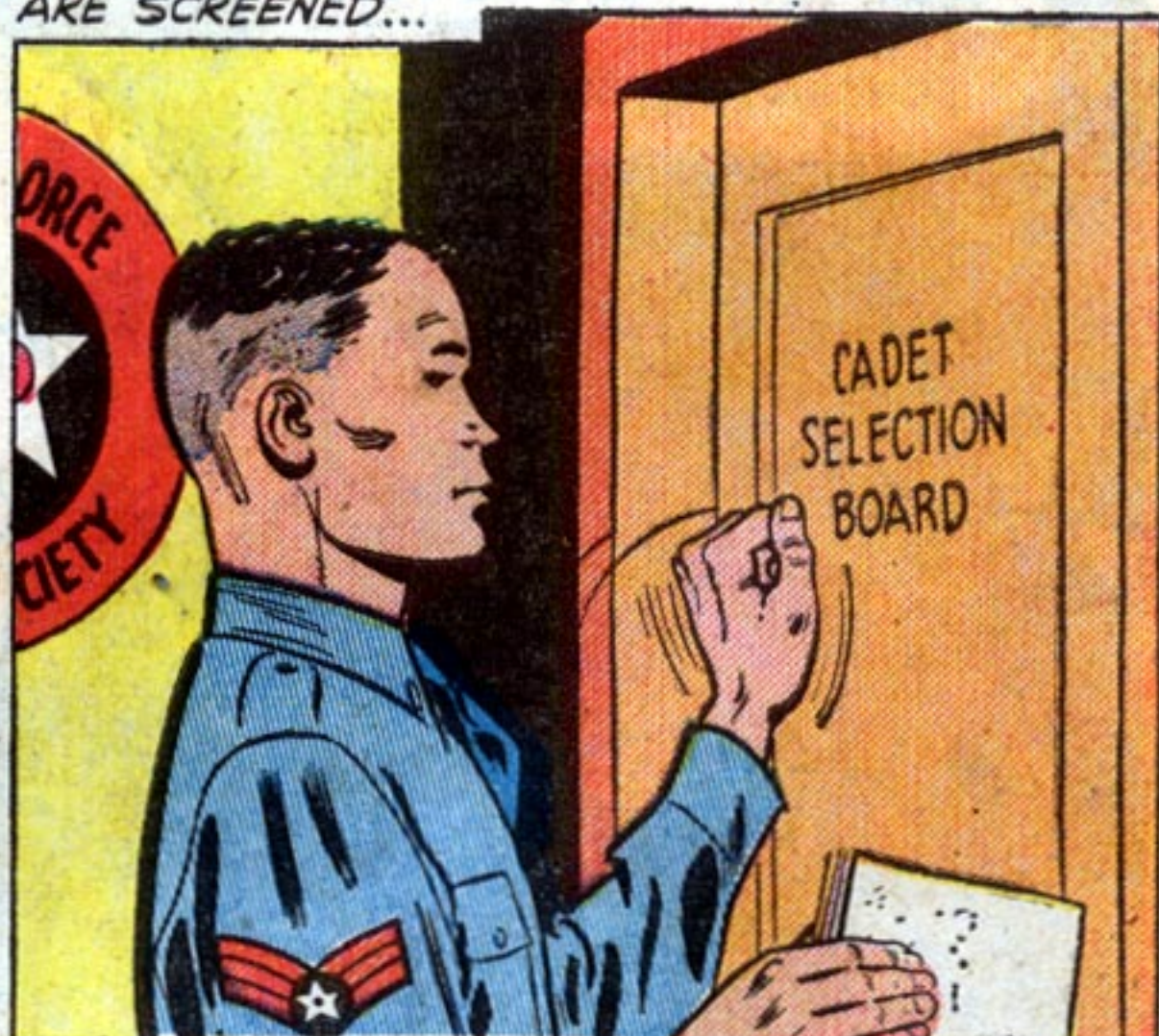


Z-Z-Z-ZOOM!

MORE NOISE, **FLYBOY!** YOU
HAVEN'T GOT ALL YOUR MOTORS
TURNING OVER! AND KEEP ON
FLYING UNTIL I TELL YOU TO
STOP!



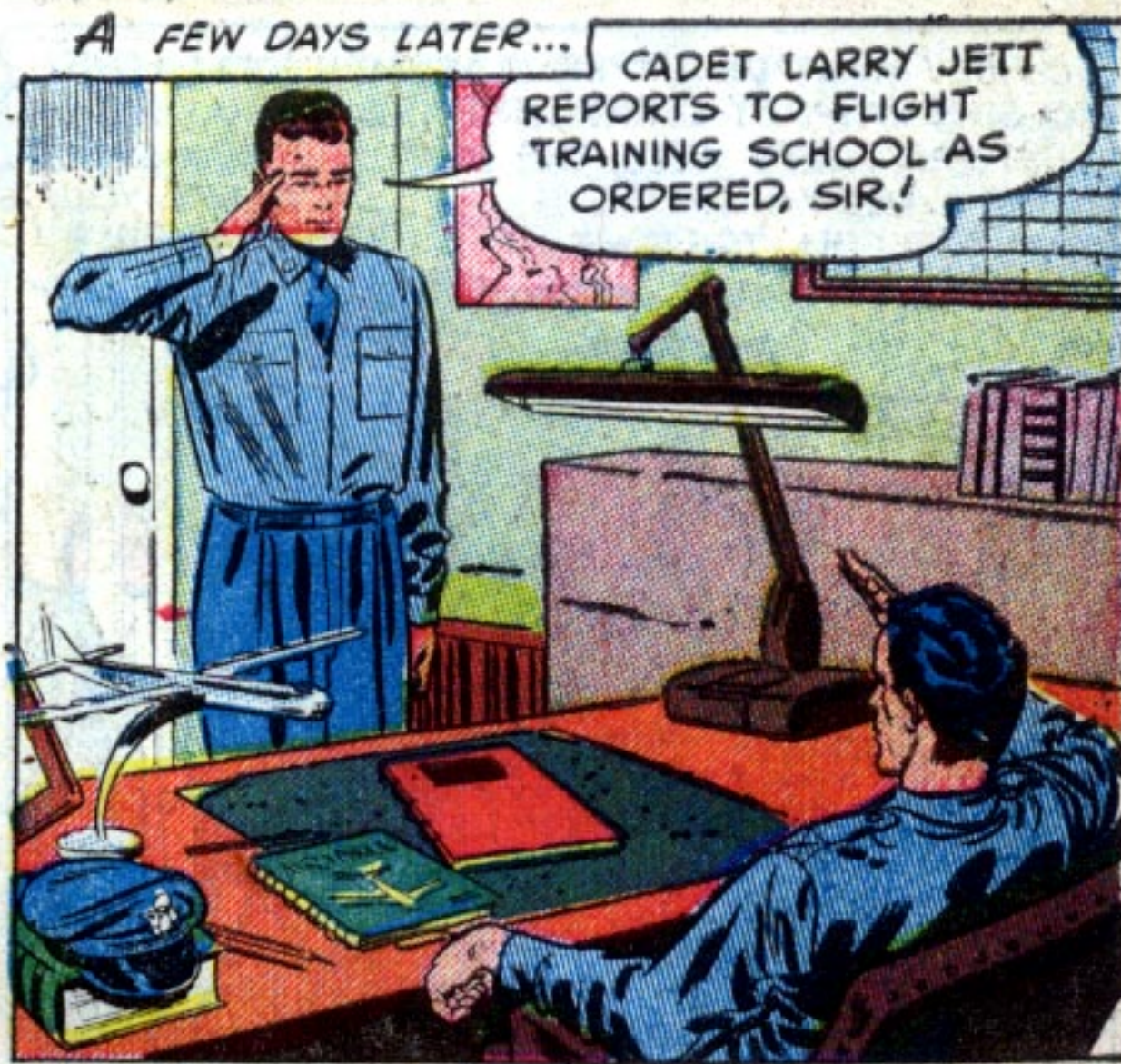
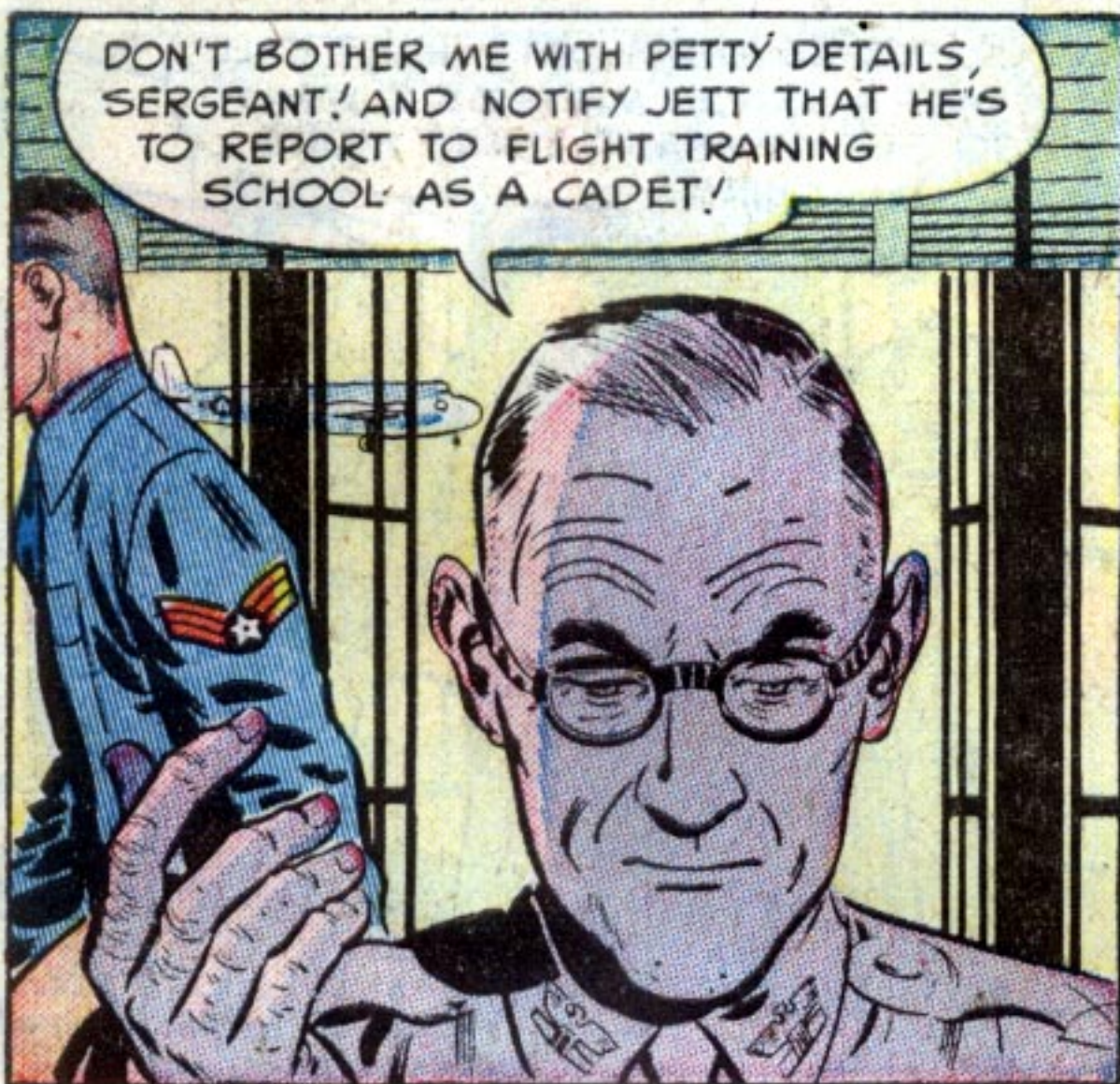
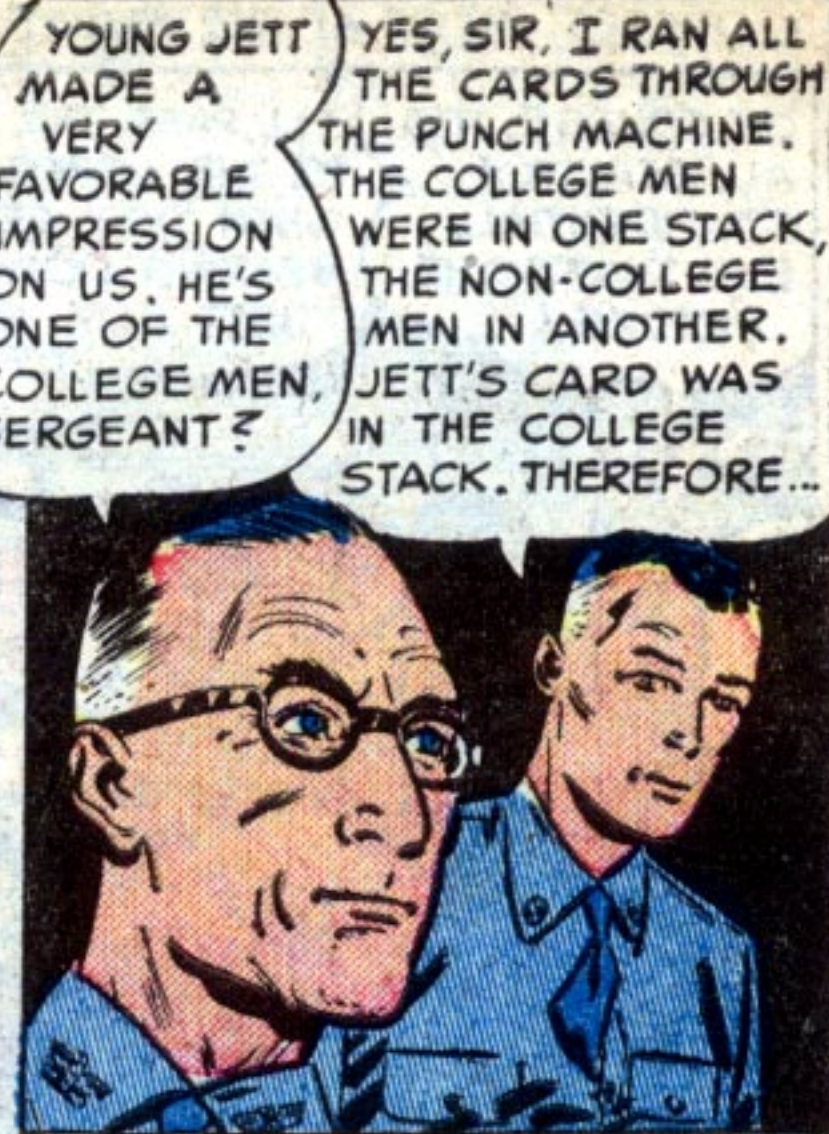
MEANWHILE, THE CADET CANDIDATES' RECORDS ARE SCREENED...



I RAN ALL THE APPLICANTS' RECORD CARDS THROUGH THE PUNCH MACHINE, SIR. THE MACHINE WAS SET TO ACCEPT ONLY GRADUATES OF FIRST-RATE COLLEGES. HERE THEY ARE, SIR.

VERY GOOD, SERGEANT. WE HAVE ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF OPENINGS, SO WE'LL GIVE THOSE MEN EVERY CHANCE AND GIVE THE OTHERS VERY SHORT SHRIFT!





OFFICERS' MESS AT THE FLIGHT SCHOOL...



OF COURSE, IT'S ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, BUT THAT'S THE PICTURE!

I'LL PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE UPPER-CLASSMEN. WHEN THEY GET THROUGH BEARING DOWN ON THIS JETT BOY, HE'LL BE **HAPPY** TO RESIGN!



HELLO, I'M LARRY JETT-- I GUESS WE'RE ROOMMATES!

HIYA, PARDNER! I'M HAPPY HOLIDAY-- I GUESS IF YOU KIN STAND ME, I KIN STAND VICE VERSA!



SO THEY WANT US UPPER-CLASSMEN TO GIVE KAY-DET LARRY JETT THE BUSINESS, HEY? WELL, THE BOY HASN'T LIVED UNTIL HE'S HAD THE FULL TREATMENT FROM "SLIDE-RULE" SLADE!

YOU LOVE MAKING THEM GROVEL, DON'T YOU, SLIDE-RULE!



SO YOU'RE LARRY JETT, HUH? CALL THAT A BRACE, MISTER? I WANT TO SEE AT LEAST THREE MORE CHINS!



I'VE APPOINTED MYSELF YOUR PERSONAL TUTOR, JETT-- LIKE AT OXFORD! WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED SCRUBBING THE FLOOR WITH YOUR FANG POLISHER, I'VE GOT SOME OTHER CHORES FOR YOU!

YES, SIR!

A MONTH OF THE "SLIDE-RULE TREATMENT" FINDS LARRY STILL, CHEERFULLY "TAKING IT."



103 -- 104 -- 105 --

FASTER! FASTER!



THIS KID'S A **GENIUS** AT SOAKING UP PUNISHMENT-- BUT I'VE GOT A SCHEME THAT WILL BREAK HIM **ONCE AND FOR ALL!**



I FEEL IT MY DUTY, MISTER, TO TAKE YOU UP AND SORT OF GIVE YOU THE FEELING OF FLYING, OKAY?



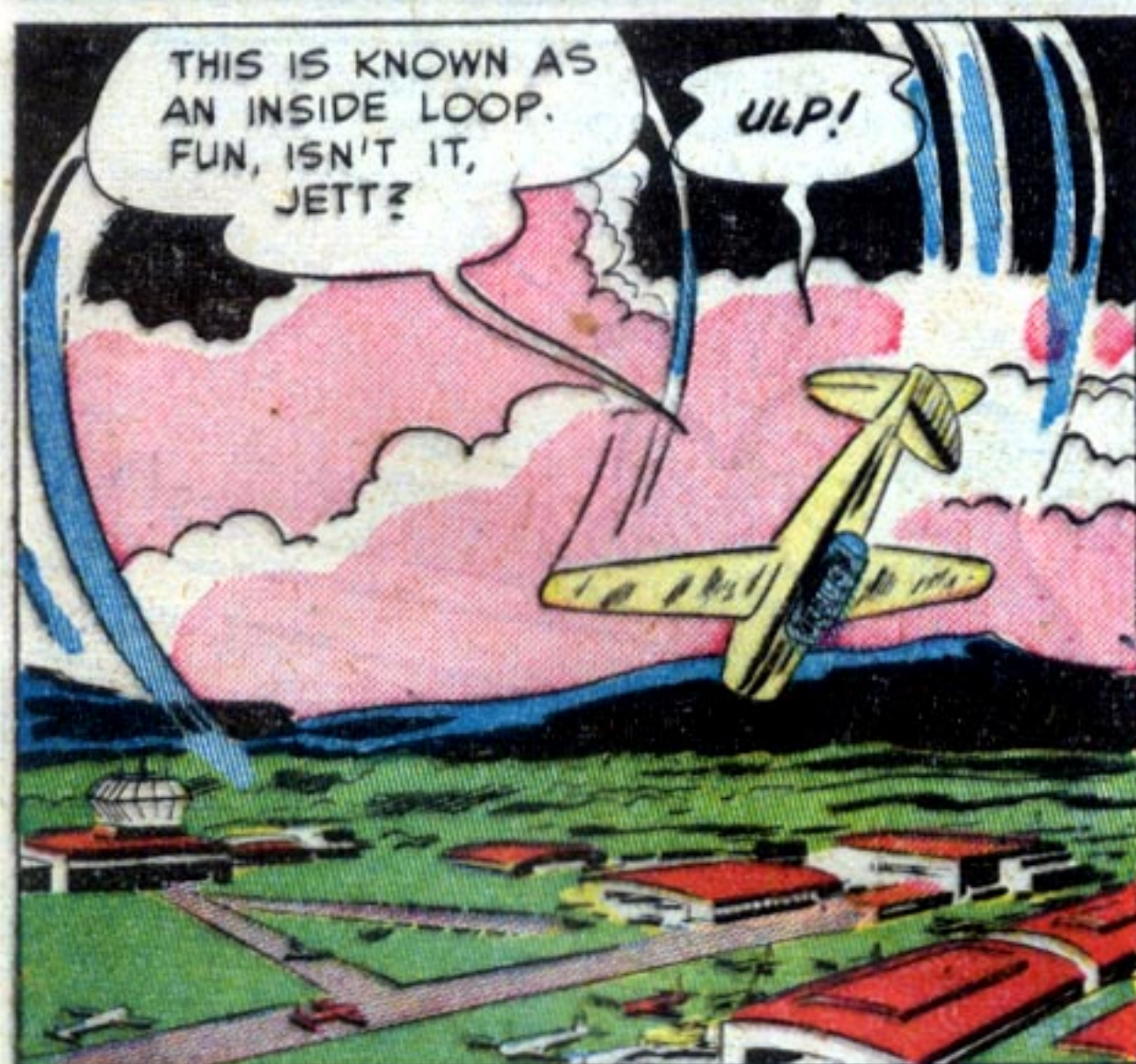
TAKE THE CONTROLS FOR AWHILE, MISTER!

Y-YES, SIR!

TAKE THE CONTROLS? BUT I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN UP BEFORE!



THAT WAS TERRIBLE, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT NO TALENT AT ALL! NOW WATCH ME!



THIS IS KNOWN AS AN INSIDE LOOP. FUN, ISN'T IT, JETT?

ULP!

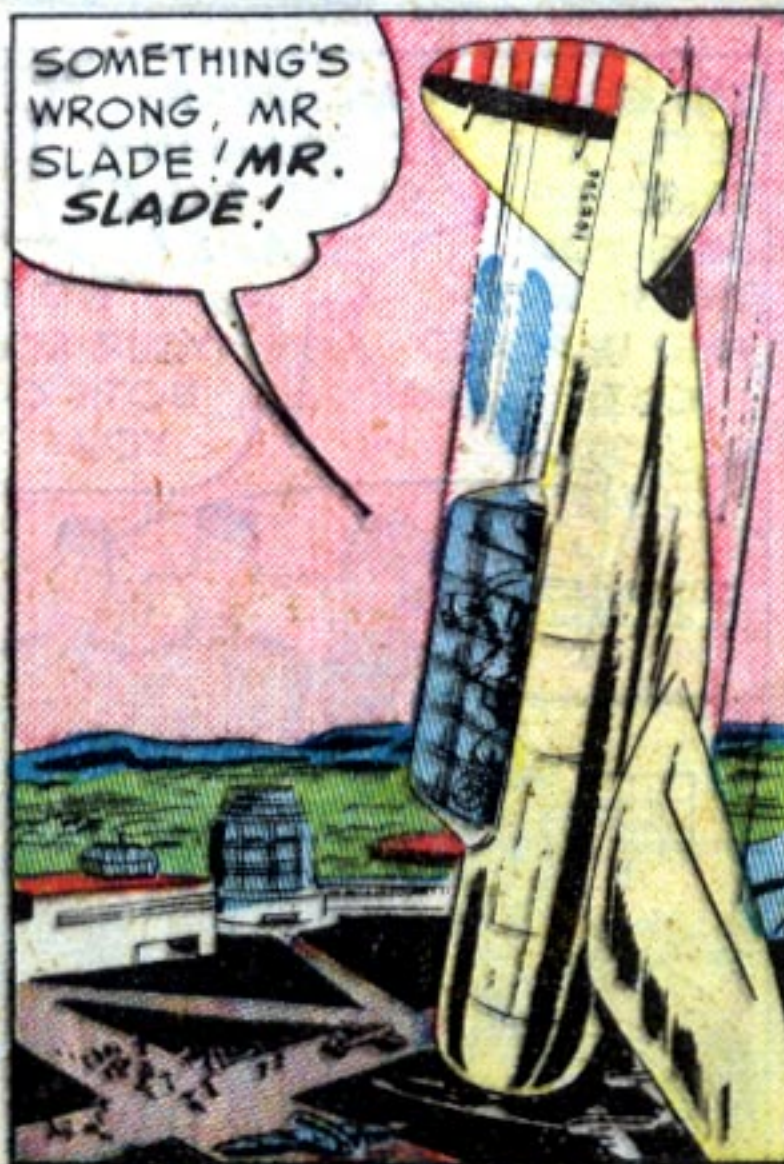


CONVERSELY, WE CALL THIS AN OUTSIDE LOOP. FASCINATING, EH?

!!



THEN THERE'S THE GOOD OLD IMMELMAN TURN-- UGH!



SOMETHING'S WRONG, MR. SLADE! MR. SLADE!



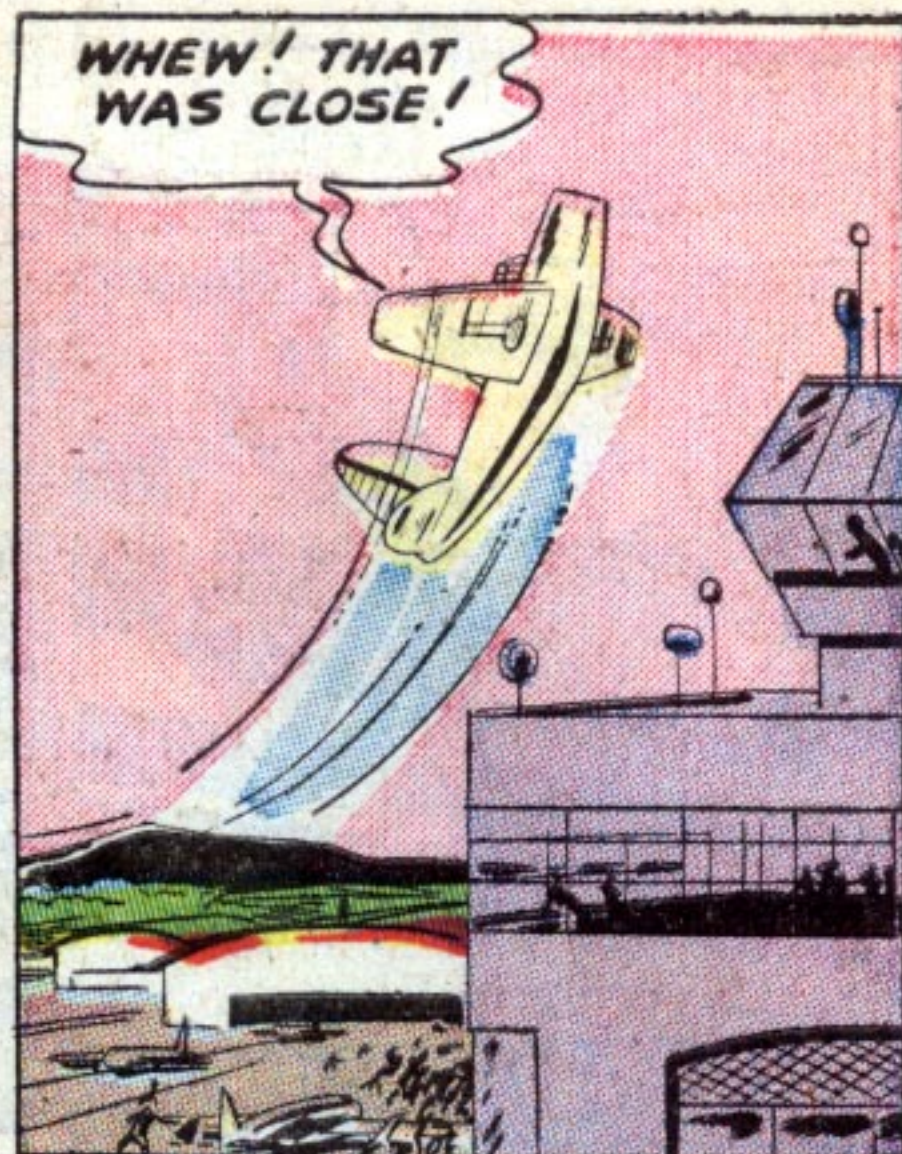
HE'S BLACKED OUT!



THEY'RE CRASHING!
GET AN
AMBULANCE!



I HOPE I CAN
REMEMBER WHAT
THE TEXTBOOK
SAID!



WHEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE!



GOSH--AND THEY SAY
THAT LANDING'S THE
TOUGHEST PART!



CLIMB OUT OF THAT,
MISTER! WE WANT TO
TALK TO YOU!

AND
HOW!



SOME PERFORMANCE,
FLYBOY! THIS IS
GOING TO WASH YOU
UP HERE **FOR GOOD!**



I'M SORRY,
JETT! I
TRIED TO
GIVE YOU
THE WORKS--
AND BLACKED
OUT!

AN UPPER-
CLASSMAN--
"SLIDE-RULE"
SLADE!

GO TO
YOUR ROOMS--
BOTH OF
YOU!



SO JETT TOOK
OVER THE
CONTROLS AND
LANDED THE
PLANE--HIS
FIRST TIME
IN THE
AIR!

YOU KNOW, ON
SECOND THOUGHT,
I DON'T
THINK WE
WANT TO
WASH JETT
OUT OF HERE.

HE LOOKS LIKE
PRETTY GOOD AIR
FORCE MATERIAL TO ME!

The End

FLYBOY

A BOASTFUL VETERAN OF THE KOREAN WAR, A COUPLE OF COMELY GIRLS, A SHORT-TEMPERED BULL, AND A PACKING CASE FULL OF CRISP NEW CURRENCY ALMOST TURN "FLYBOY" LARRY JETT AND HIS PAL HAPPY HOLIDAY INTO...

"Angels Without Wings"



LARRY JETT-FLYBOY

AT THE WEEKLY CADET SCHOOL DANCE, "FLYBOY" LARRY JETT FINDS THAT A NEWLY-ARRIVED CADET IS OUT TO BEAT HIS TIME WITH ANNE CHICKERING.

MOVE OVER, STATESIDE!
I'M CUTTIN' IN!

KOREA
CAL!

TELL ME
MORE
ABOUT
YOUR
ADVENTURES
IN KOREA,
CAL!

OKAY, ANNE!
WANNA HEAR
ABOUT THE TIME
I PARACHUTED
DOWN ON A
COMMIE
BATTALION
HEADQUARTERS
AND CAPTURED
THREE CHICKEN
COLONELS AND A
GENERAL SINGLE-
HANDED? THEY GIMME
THE DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE CROSS FOR
THAT LITTLE CAPER!

WAR HERO!
KOREA
CAL! HE'S
CUT ME
OUT WITH
ANNE,
HAPPY!

HUH! ALL MY BABE
TALKS ABOUT IS
HOW LUCKY WE
ARE TO HAVE
KAY-DET CAL
CALVERT, THE
G-G-R-REAT
PARATROOPER!
WHY DIDN'T HE STAY
IN THE
PARATROOPS?





WOW! ALL CADETS ARE REQUIRED TO MAKE A PARACHUTE JUMP NEXT SATURDAY!

THEY'RE MAKING A BIG OCCASION OF IT, TOO— LIKE A FUNERAL! I FEEL SHAKY!

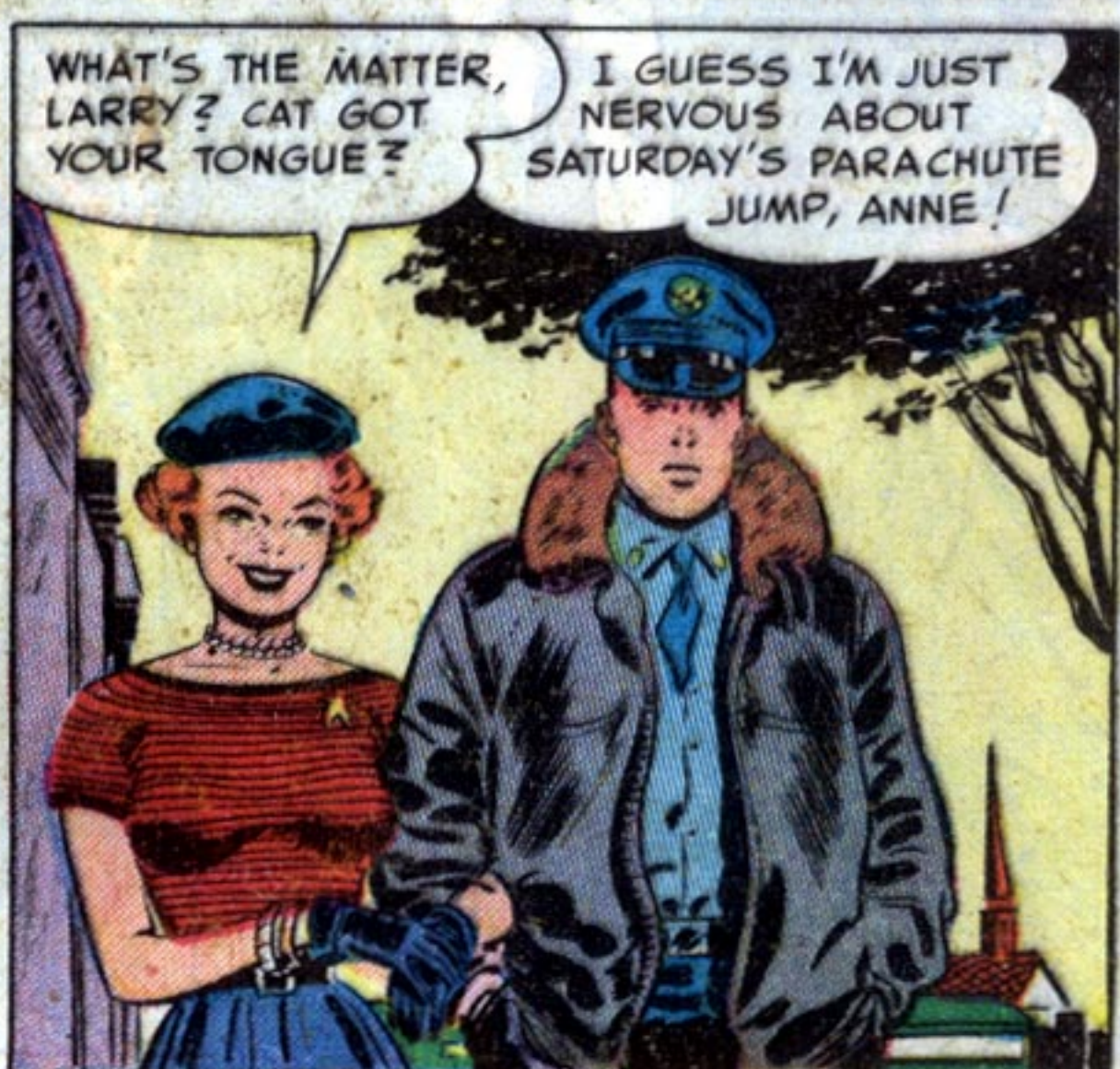


IN PREPARATION FOR SATURDAY'S PARACHUTE JUMP, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU MEN A BIT OF TRAINING IN HOW TO FALL AND HOW TO LAND. LET'S GO!



A CINCH! WHY IN KOREA, I--

A CINCH, HE SAYS! I DON'T LIKE JUMPING— WITH OR WITHOUT PARACHUTES!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, LARRY? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

I GUESS I'M JUST NERVOUS ABOUT SATURDAY'S PARACHUTE JUMP, ANNE!



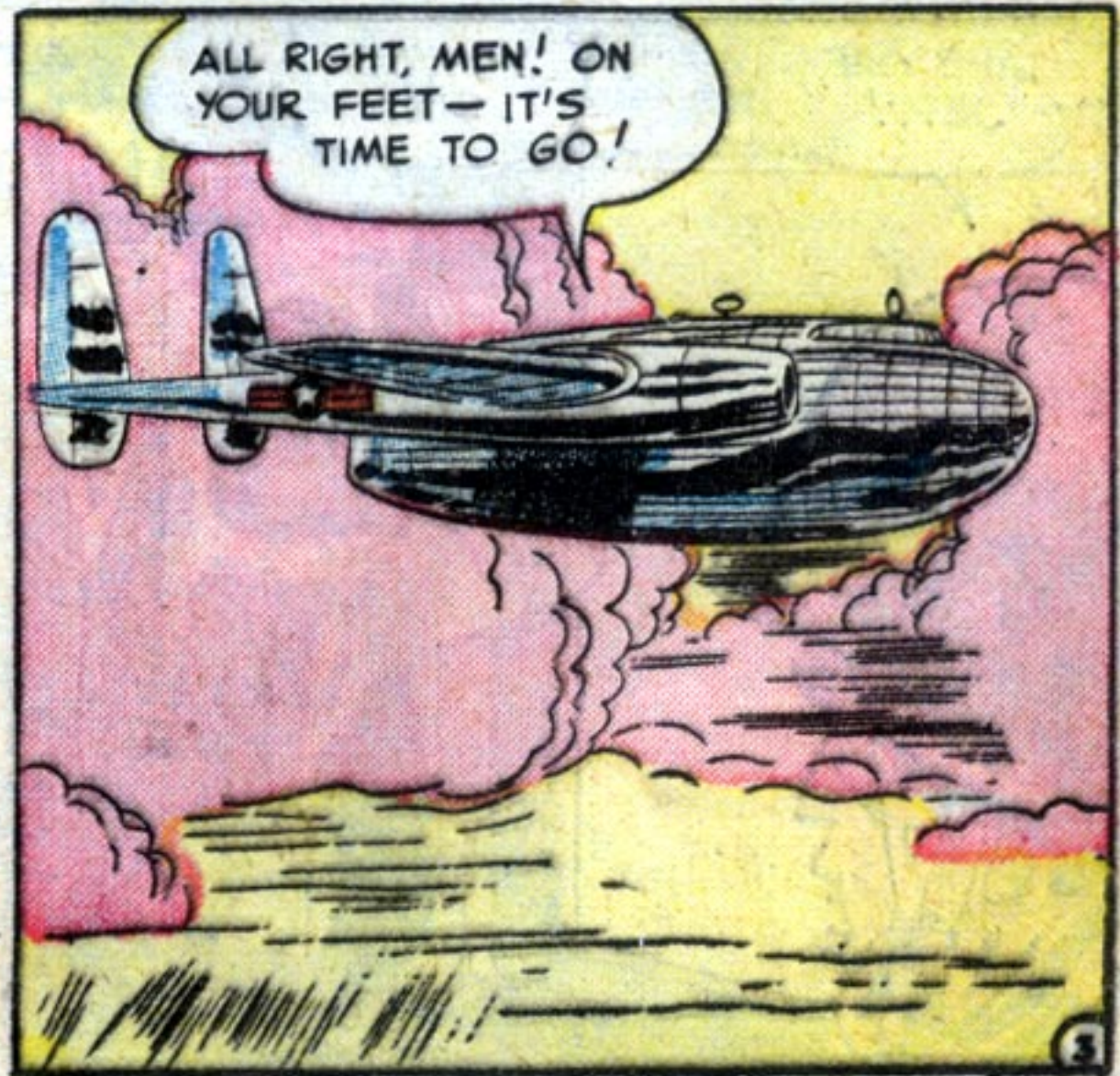
YOU'RE SUCH A WORRY-WART, LARRY! WHY DON'T YOU BE LIKE KOREA CAL? SUAVE, DASHING, FEARLESS—

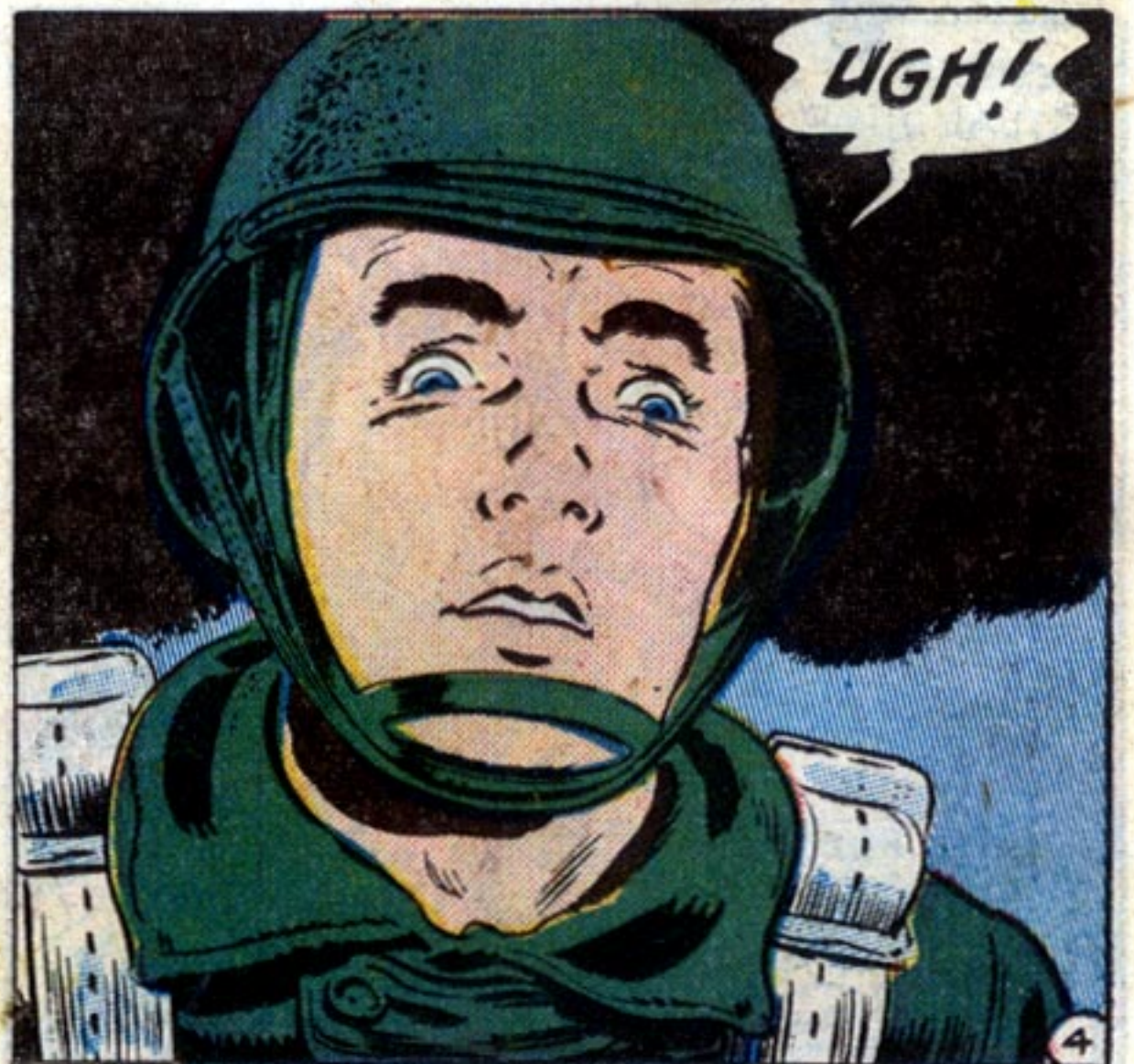


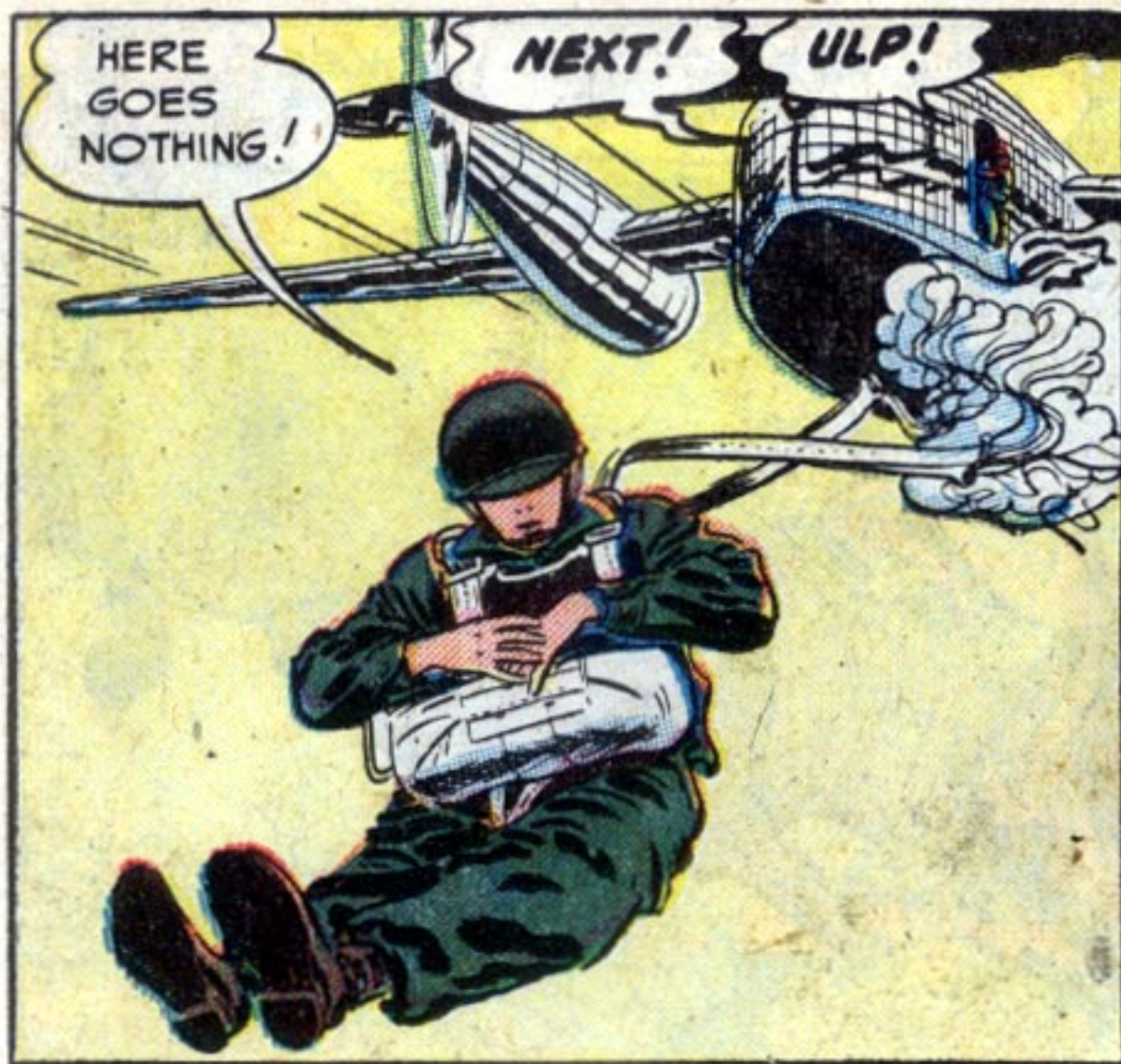
HI, ANNE! HI, STATESIDE! DID I HEAR SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

YOU DID INDEED, CAL! WOULD YOU CARE TO WALK ME HOME? FLYBOY HERE HAS AN ATTACK OF NERVES!

THE DAY OF THE BIG JUMP ARRIVES...







HERE GOES NOTHING!

NEXT!

ULP!



IT WASN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL, WAS IT, HAP?

NA-A-AH! AS KOREA CAL USED TO SAY IT'S A CINCH!



LARRY! A BULL'S COMING FOR US! LET'S SCRAM!



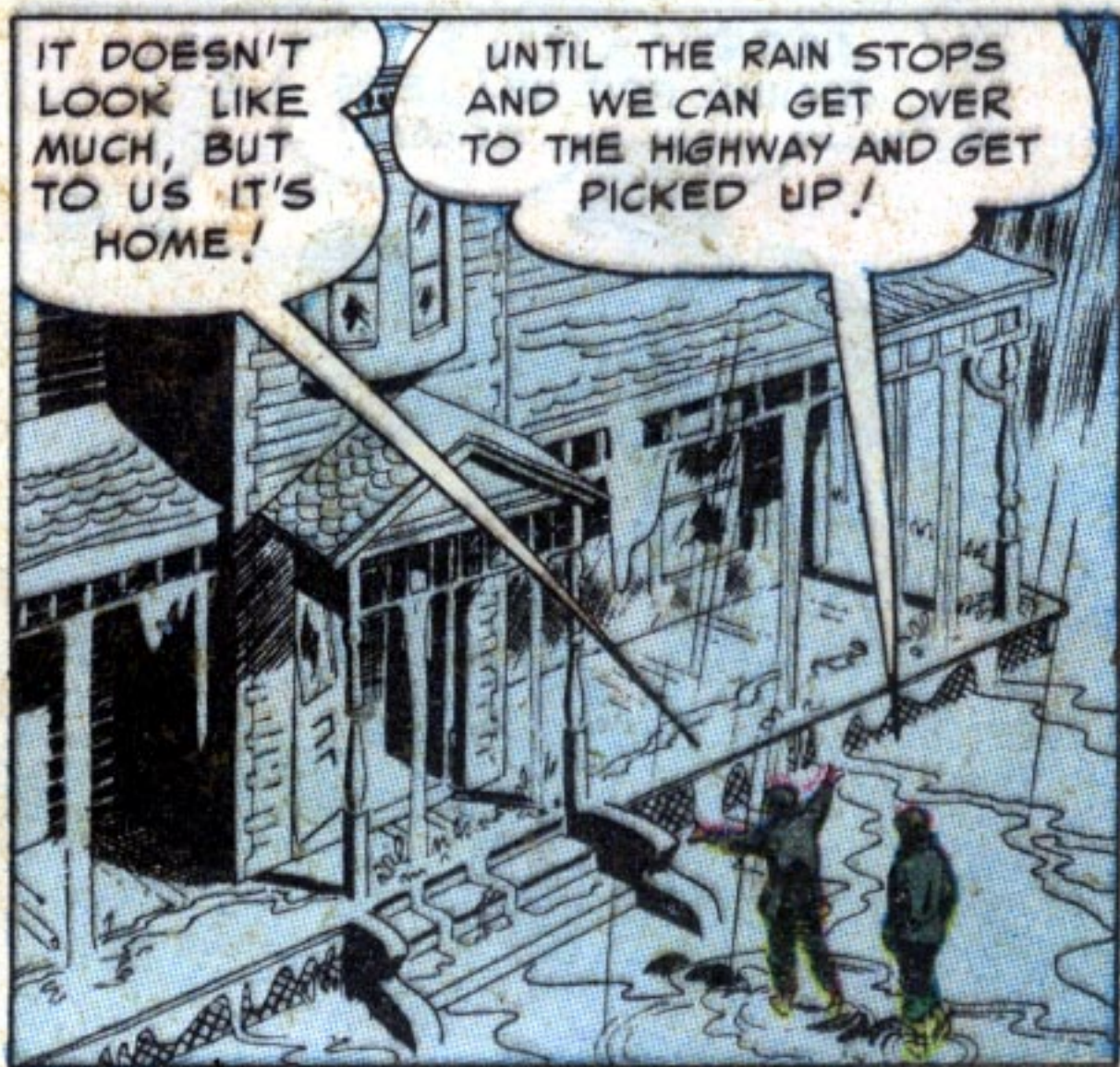
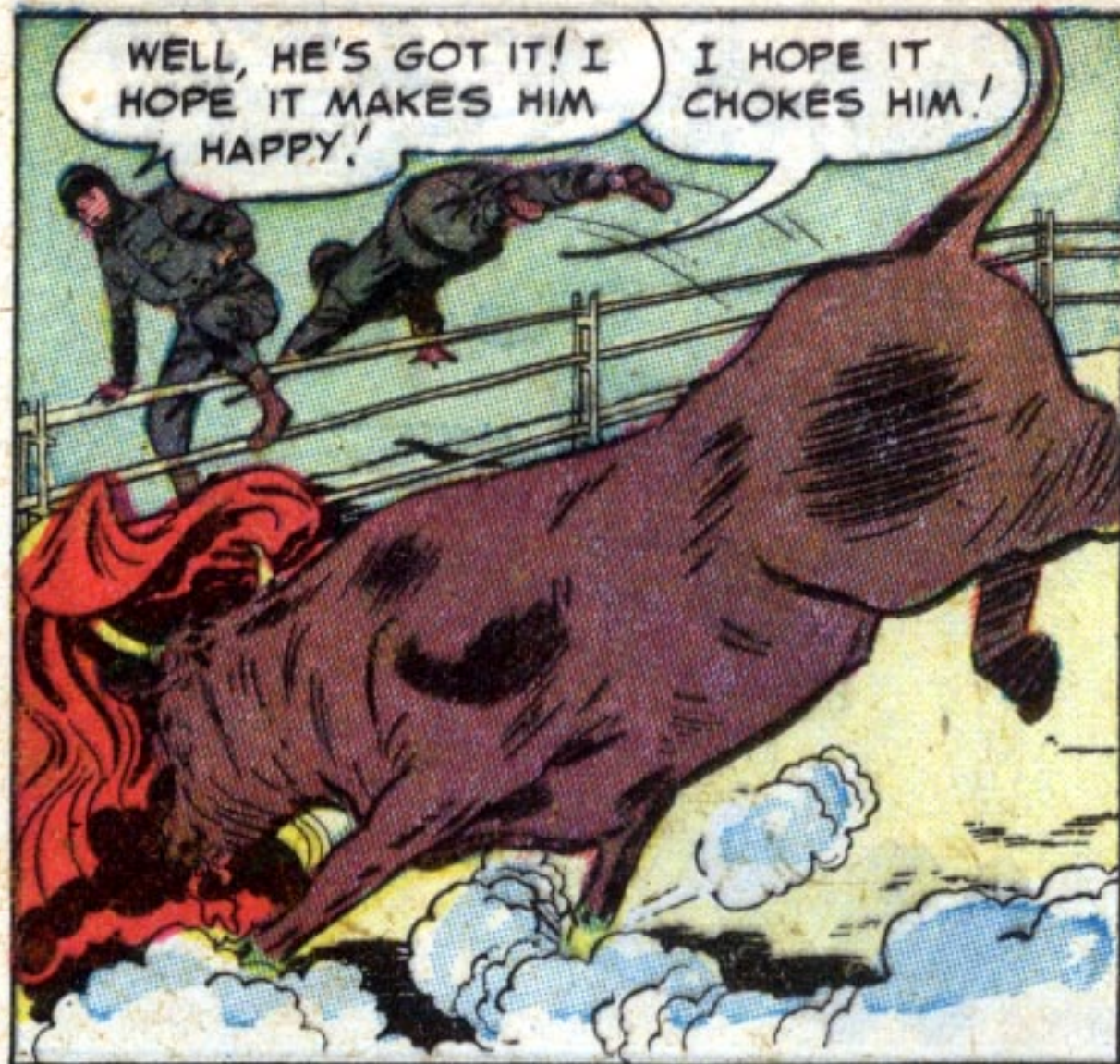
MAKE LIKE A BULL FIGHTER, LARRY! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

I CAN USE THAT SMALL RED PARACHUTE!

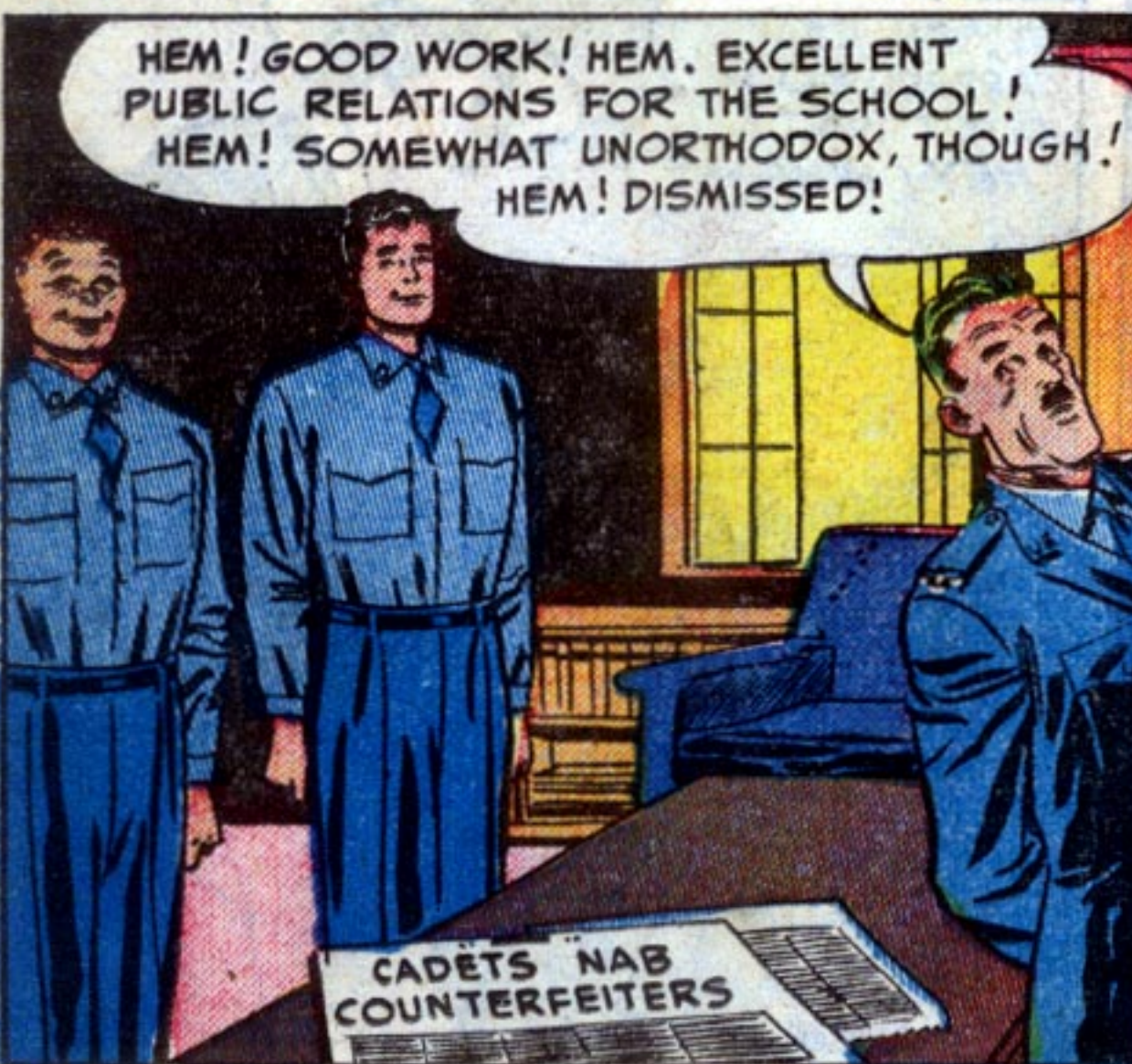
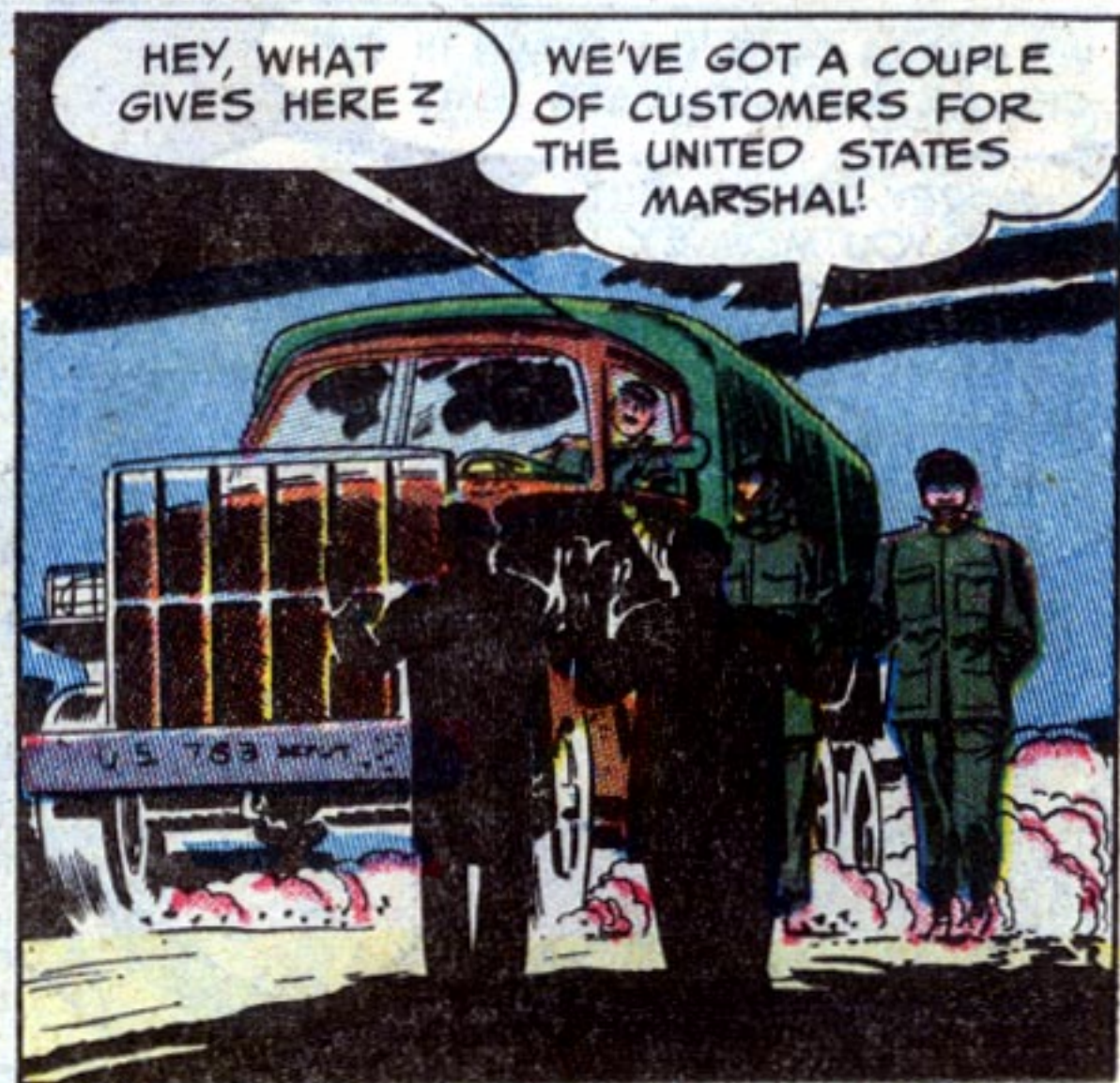
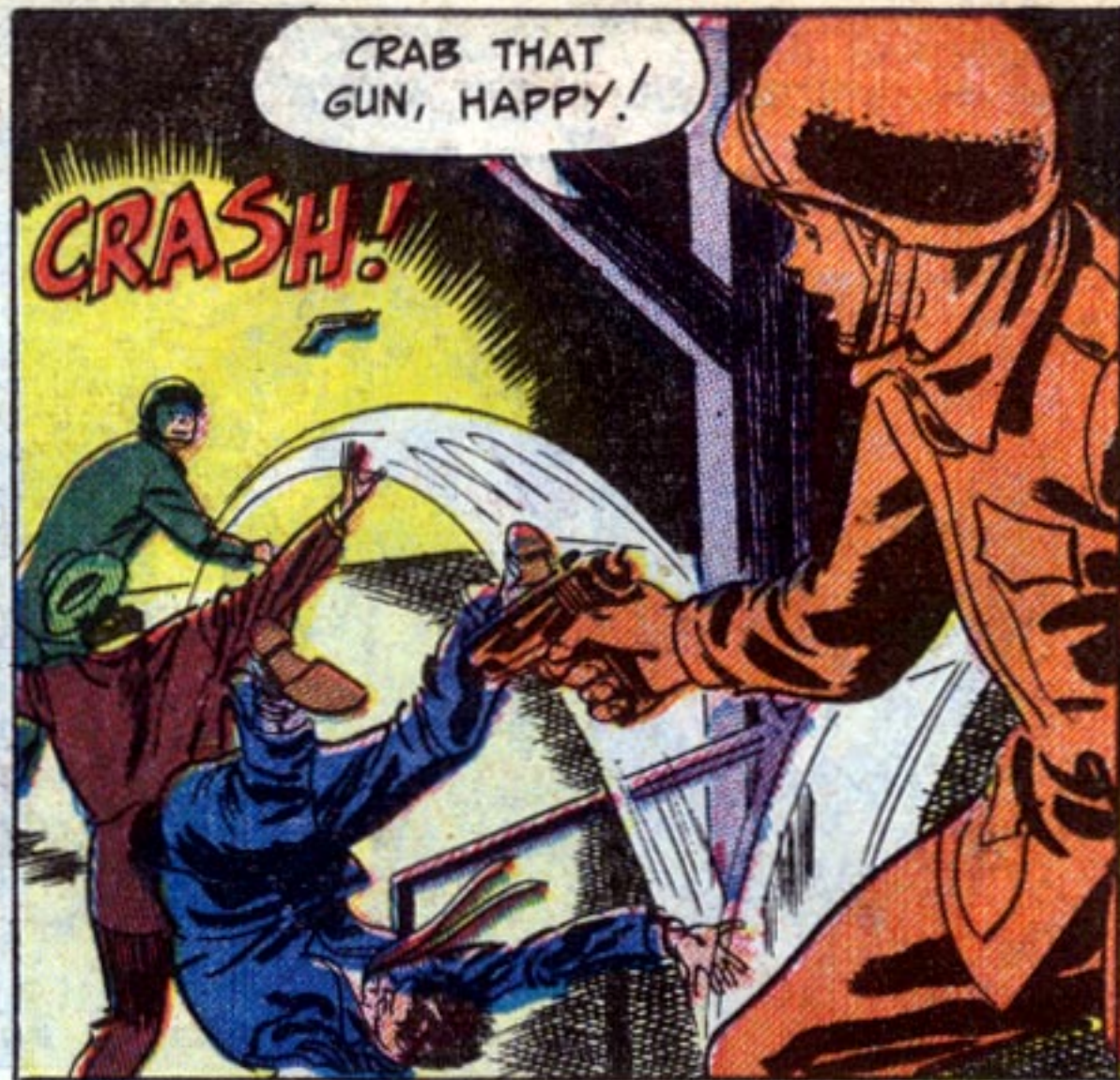
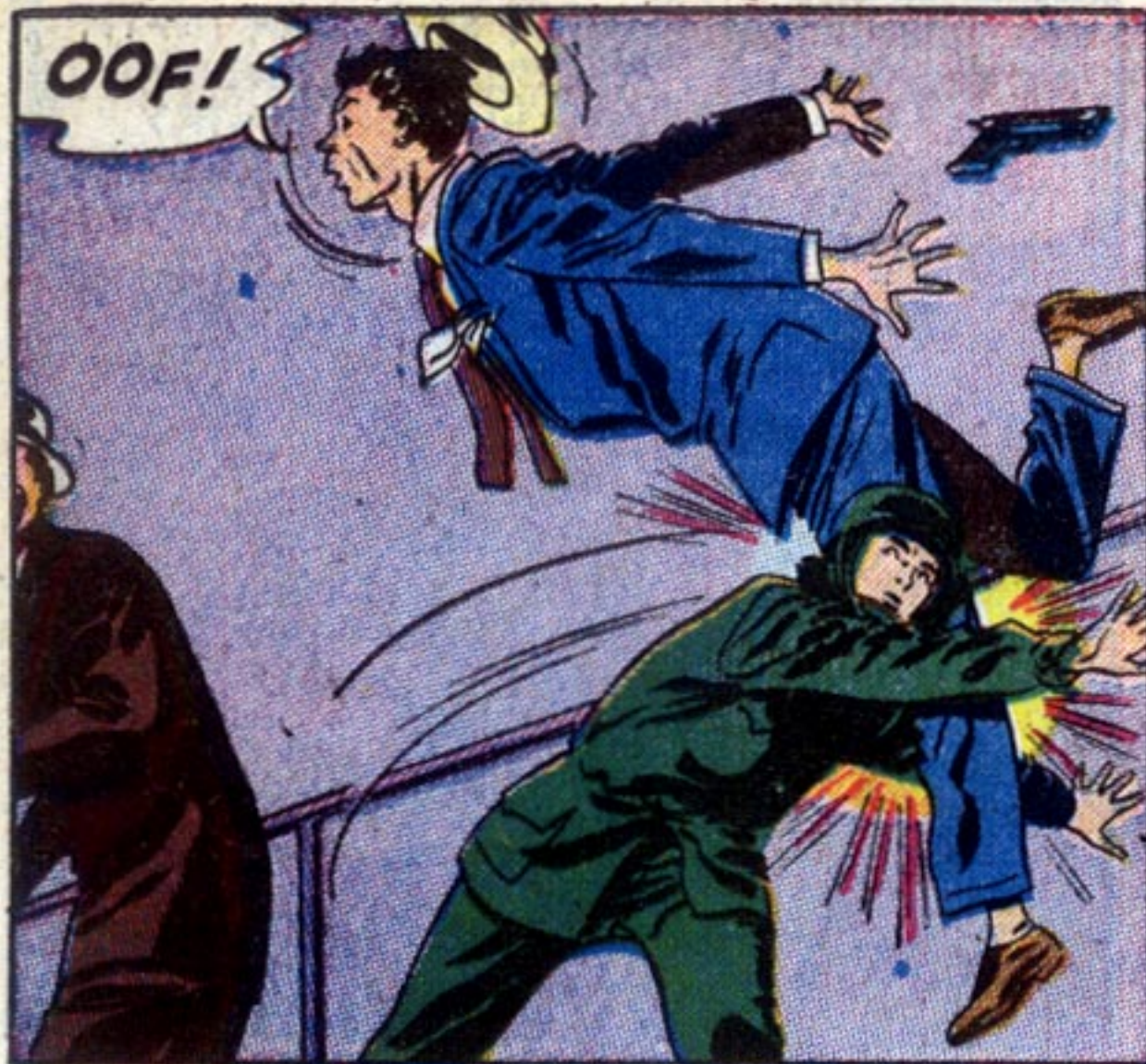


BUENO! BUENO! OLE! OLE!

GOSH, THOSE SPANISH BULL FIGHTERS REALLY EARN THEIR MONEY!







The End

HE'S HERE!—TARKA!—BOLD WARRIOR FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

WHY HAS HE COME?

WHAT IS HIS SECRET?

No. 1
(Spring)

**NOW
ON
SALE!**



**WHAT IS
TARKA'S
STRANGE
MISSION
THROUGH
SPACE?**

**WHO IS ZIRA?
WHAT IS HER ROLE
IN THIS
INTERPLANETARY
DRAMA?**

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The Dogface

THE ARTILLERY barrage had lasted two hours, two long hours filled with the thunder of exploding shells and the screams of the wounded. Slowly the cold of the frozen Korean soil and the lack of motion spread a numbness through Sergeant Steve Chandler's body: a warning that could not be ignored. There was no room to stir in the foxhole, but to move from it meant sure death. He could feel his legs going numb.

Then the jets came. Their hissing rumble climbed up from somewhere behind the front and roared overhead in the direction of the enemy guns. The barrage slowed, the wail and explosion of shells spaced with moments of silence—then it stopped entirely. In the hush he heard the jets returning from the enemy emplacements, their job done. They swept back over the lines towards the home fields, the weak winter sunlight glinting from their wings.

At this moment a dream was born, a dream that was to carry Steve thousands of miles back to the States to an airfield in Alabama. He had done his work as a foot soldier, and done it well, but when the jets swept by overhead he raised his sights. They were aimed at the sky now—and nothing was going to stop him!

... A large hand smacked him on the shoulder, snapping him out of his thoughts. He was in the cadet barracks, surrounded by the familiar rows of desks and bunks, leaning head in hand over the painfully-worked figures on the sheets of paper before him. Frank Edwards struck his shoulder again, and laughed, loud enough for all the cadets in the bay to hear.

"Dogface, I'll bet you wish that slide rule was an M-1. You'd shoot that navigation problem full of holes! Things were never like *this* in the infantry."

The cadets laughed. Steve had left school early to go to work in a factory and from there to the army. He was rusty in reading and studying and had to labor over every page. The other cadets were college students who finished each day's

work easily, and the sight of Steve bent doggedly over his desk writing and chewing his pencil hour after hour far into the night always amused them. Frank Edwards who was tops in the class without ever seeming to open a book, found it especially funny.

"What's the matter, Infantry? Too much talk and not enough walk?" Frank did an imitation of a collapsing soldier laboring along under a two-ton field pack, and the room shook with laughter. Even Steve smiled wryly at the miserable figure. His classmates were good joes, but sometimes he wished they wouldn't kid him quite as much as they did. He needed every leisure hour for study. He would have liked to have time to laugh and to kid around, or to do anything besides pore endlessly through mountains of books.

"Stick with it, boy! Genius is ninety percent perspiration, you know," Frank Edwards told him, and laughed again. This time he was openly offensive. He thought Steve a fool.

The others chortled, and Steve suddenly wondered if they all thought he was stupid. When he got into a plane, he was a good pilot, one of the best, in fact, just as he had been a good fast-thinking sergeant, respected and liked by his men. But what could he do to win the respect of his fellow-students? For a moment he resisted the impulse to hurl his fist into Frank's smile. Then he picked up his slide rule and turned to his problem again.

The following morning was bright and clear, perfect flying weather. With the other cadets Steve lined up for air instruction.

They were shooting takeoffs and landings. Instruction planes were taking off and coming in, some coming in long smooth glides, others landing in a series of unhappy bounces like startled jack-rabbits. "I like everything but the landings," Glen Isaac said behind him, deadpan. "Sometimes I wonder where the ground is, you know?"

Steve laughed. Frank Edwards, who was buckling on his chute harness for the next flight, smiled and spoke to Steve with good-natured contempt. "It isn't like hiking either, soldier! Don't start

digging foxholes in this field with your plane. Even your GI insurance won't pay for a new runway."

A plane taxied into the flight line and a student climbed out. The instructor signalled to the waiting cadets.

"Edwards next . . ." The voice called. "We'll run through some landings. Five or six passes."

With a final contemptuous smile at Steve, Frank trotted off.

Waiting for the instructor to get to him, Steve watched Frank's plane. It took off, circled, approached the field smoothly, and the nose pulled up slightly at the end of the glide path for a perfect three-point landing. Five times in a row Frank did it, each landing almost identical with the last. As a pilot, Frank was on the beam. Almost as good as he was himself, Steve thought reluctantly, as Frank brought his plane in for its final trial, completed the landing smoothly, and turned and taxied toward the waiting flight line. He turned the runway corners sharply, gunning the engine slightly to whip the tail around. Steve stirred uneasily. He didn't like that kind of handling. It was showy, with—always—a chance of a ground-loop.

The plane rolled briskly up the white concrete runway to the flight line and the waiting men. The pilot hesitated until it was opposite its right position; then he gunned the motor and gave it full right rudder. The BT pivoted neatly on one wheel—then not so neatly. There was a slow deliberation in its motion as the inner wheel rose from the ground and hung suspended in space. Then the wing tip touched, and the plane went into a wicked ground-loop.

In a fraction of a second all was chaos. The BT's prop bit into the wing of the next plane and loosed a stream of high octane gas from the tank. The gas struck the hot engine of the trainer and whooshed into a ball of flame that engulfed the front of the plane.

The group of cadets stood paralyzed. Too much was happening and too rapidly for them to grasp it. What could they do? Steve had been in spots like this before; he commanded groups like this before—it had been his job. He was in combat again and his thoughts moved quickly.

"You four men! All these planes have extinguishers in the cockpits—get them here—JUMP!"

They jumped, never questioning the authority in his voice. Steve was at the burning plane now, shouting over his shoulder:

"Glen, drive that gas truck out of here before

it goes up, too! You men with Rocky there, get around to the other side of the hangar where they preflight, and grab the big stand-by fire-extinguishers."

Steve was on the wing now, the fierce heat of the fire beating at his back. The instructor who had unbuckled his safety strap, grasped Steve's hand and slid to the ground.

Frank was unconscious, sagging in his harness. With the smoke and heat of the fire blinding him, Steve felt for the buckles. His hands were like great clumsy gloves, the flame sucking the strength from them. Suddenly the injured man went limp and it drained his strength to the limit to drag the heavy body over the coaming.

But other hands were waiting to help. A wave of cold air swept over him as the foamite extinguishers went into action. He heard the wailing of the crash truck and sank into the black depths of unconsciousness. . . .

He was in the hospital, he realized, his chest swathed with bandages. He was aware that his head turned. The man beside the bed was speaking:

"Glad to see you're all right, Chandler, I came over as soon as the tower phoned me."

Steve gazed at the colonel's eagles for a long time before it dawned upon him that here was the base CO. He wondered should he salute or, perhaps, lie at attention. But his thoughts were swept away by the officer's friendly grin.

"That was some quick thinking out there on the field. When I looked at your service record I understood why. A man who has the Silver Star for bravery under fire would know how to handle himself in a tight situation. You saved the lives of those men, and you prevented the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of equipment.

"We need officers like you Chandler. The ability to reason and react quickly is just as important in a flying officer as book knowledge!"

Steve started to smile. Those words helped to heal over the little wounds of the past few months. But he was startled when he heard the voice of Frank Edwards from the next bed.

"Thanks, Steve—for a couple of things. You not only saved my life, but you taught me something else. I . . . well you know what I mean. . . . I'd like to apologize for some of the things I've said."

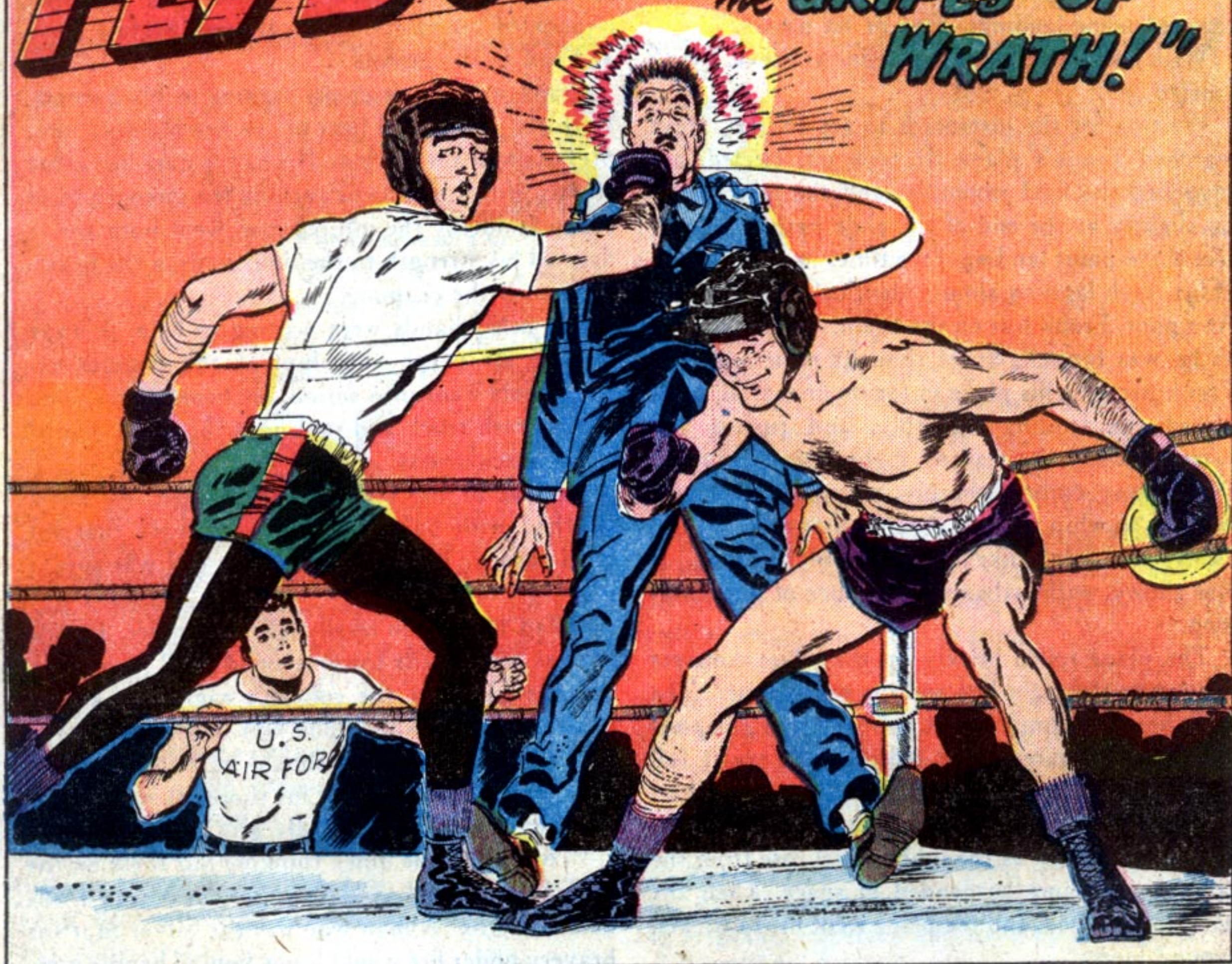
They smiled and their hands reached across the space between the beds to touch in a new bond of comradeship.

THE END

FLYBOY

LARRY "FLYBOY" JETT AND HIS ROOM-MATE, HAPPY HOLIDAY, FIND THAT WHEN A TYRANT CHANGES INTO AN ANGEL, HE CAN VERY EASILY CHANGE BACK AGAIN. AND THEN COME...

"The **GRIPES OF WRATH!**"



LARRY, I'M SICK OF THIS SO-CALLED FLIGHT SCHOOL! TERRIBLE CHOW, HARD BUNKS, SPIT AND POLISH! **BAH!** AND WORST OF ALL--OUR DEAR COMMANDANT--**COLONEL "CHICKEN" CHICKERING!**

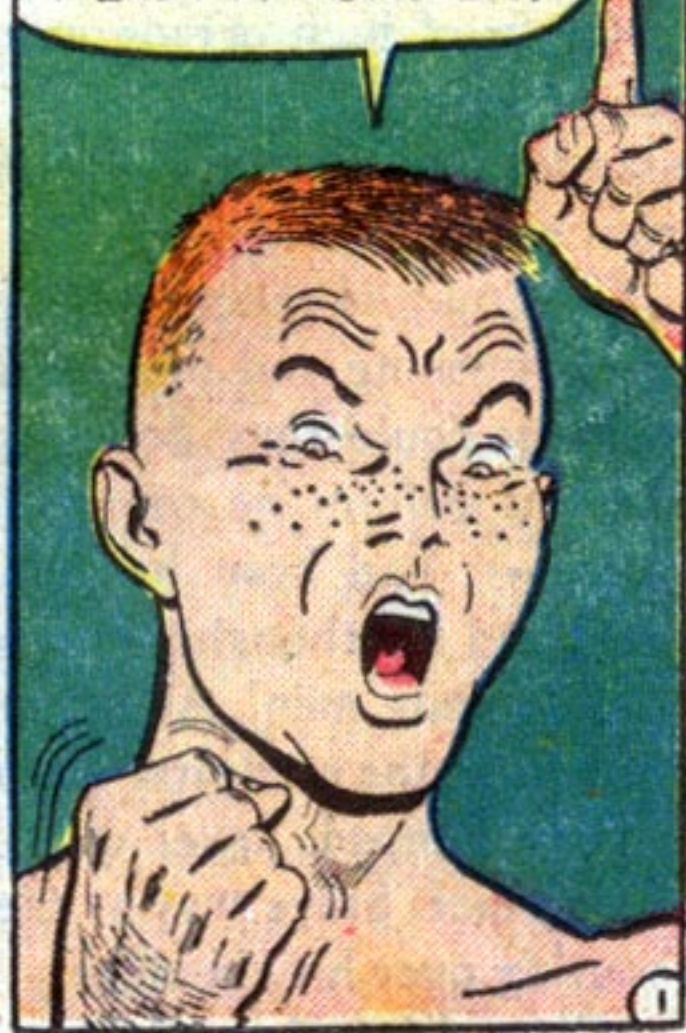


AND WHO SHOULD BE STROLLING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR? COLONEL "CHICKEN" CHICKERING--**HIMSELF!**

AH! DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED? I SUPPOSE I'M NEVER REALLY FAR FROM THE BOYS' THOUGHTS!



THAT CHICKERING'S A FIEND! A **MONSTER!**





A **MONSTER!!** SURELY THEY CAN'T THINK THAT OF ME! WHY-- WHY-- I'M REALLY VERY NICE TO THEM!



I WOULDN'T WANT THEM TO THINK I WAS EAVES-DROPPING

ME--A FIEND! THE VERY IDEA!



I WISH CHICKERING WAS RIGHT HERE! I'D TELL HIM A FEW HOME TRUTHS! HE MAKES OUR LIVES A NIGHTMARE!

RETURNING TO HIS HOUSE, THE COLONEL QUERIES HIS DAUGHTER ANNE.



ANNE, WHY DO THE CADETS THINK I'M A **FIEND-- A MONSTER?**

WELL--AH-- DO THEY? I'M NOT SURE, DAD. BUT LARRY JETT'S COMING OVER TOMORROW NIGHT. I'LL TALK TO HIM AND-- AH-- MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT!

THE NEXT EVENING...



HI, ANNE!

HI, LARRY! LET'S SIT IN THE GARDEN-- IT'S SUCH A LOVELY EVENING!



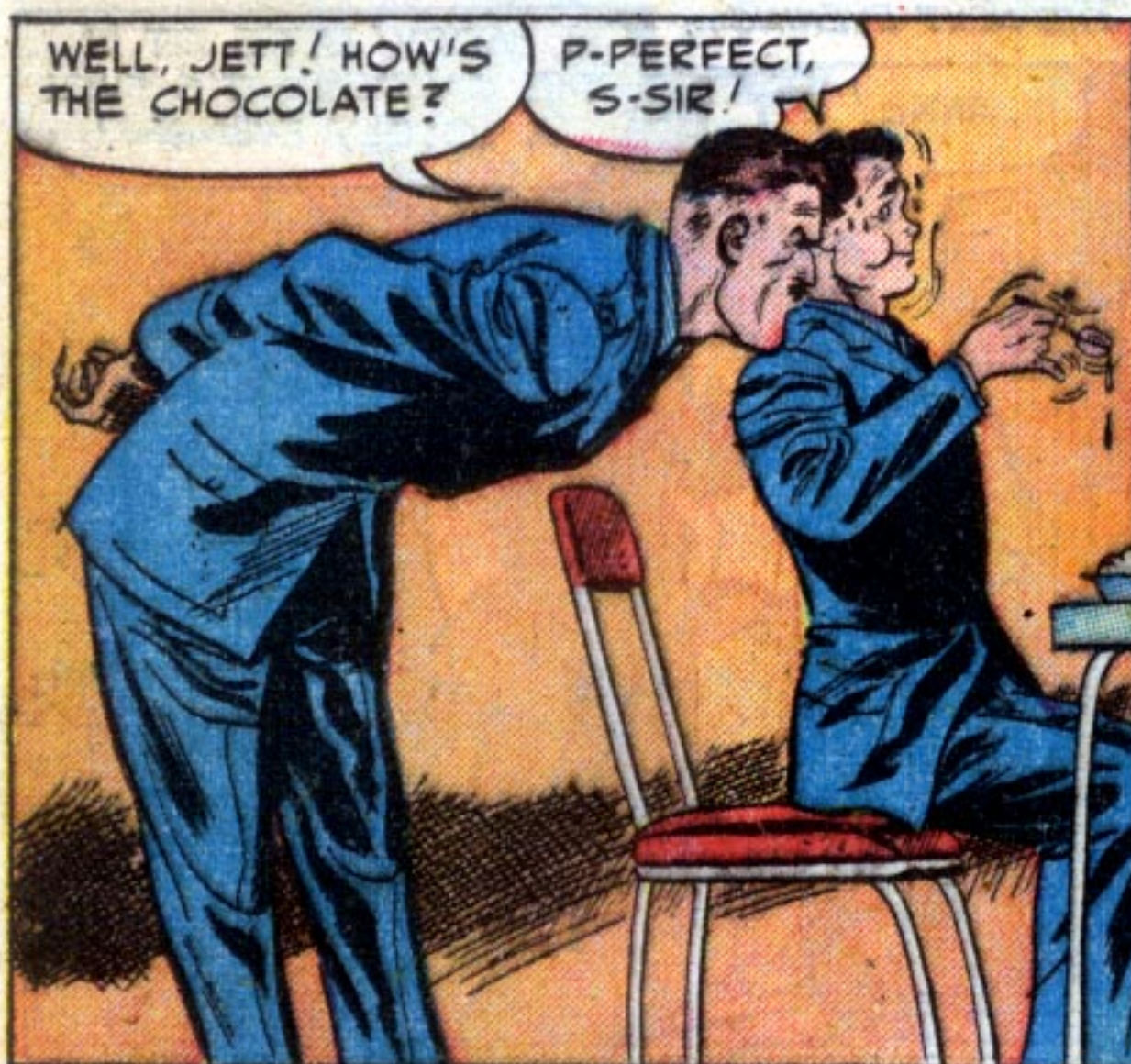
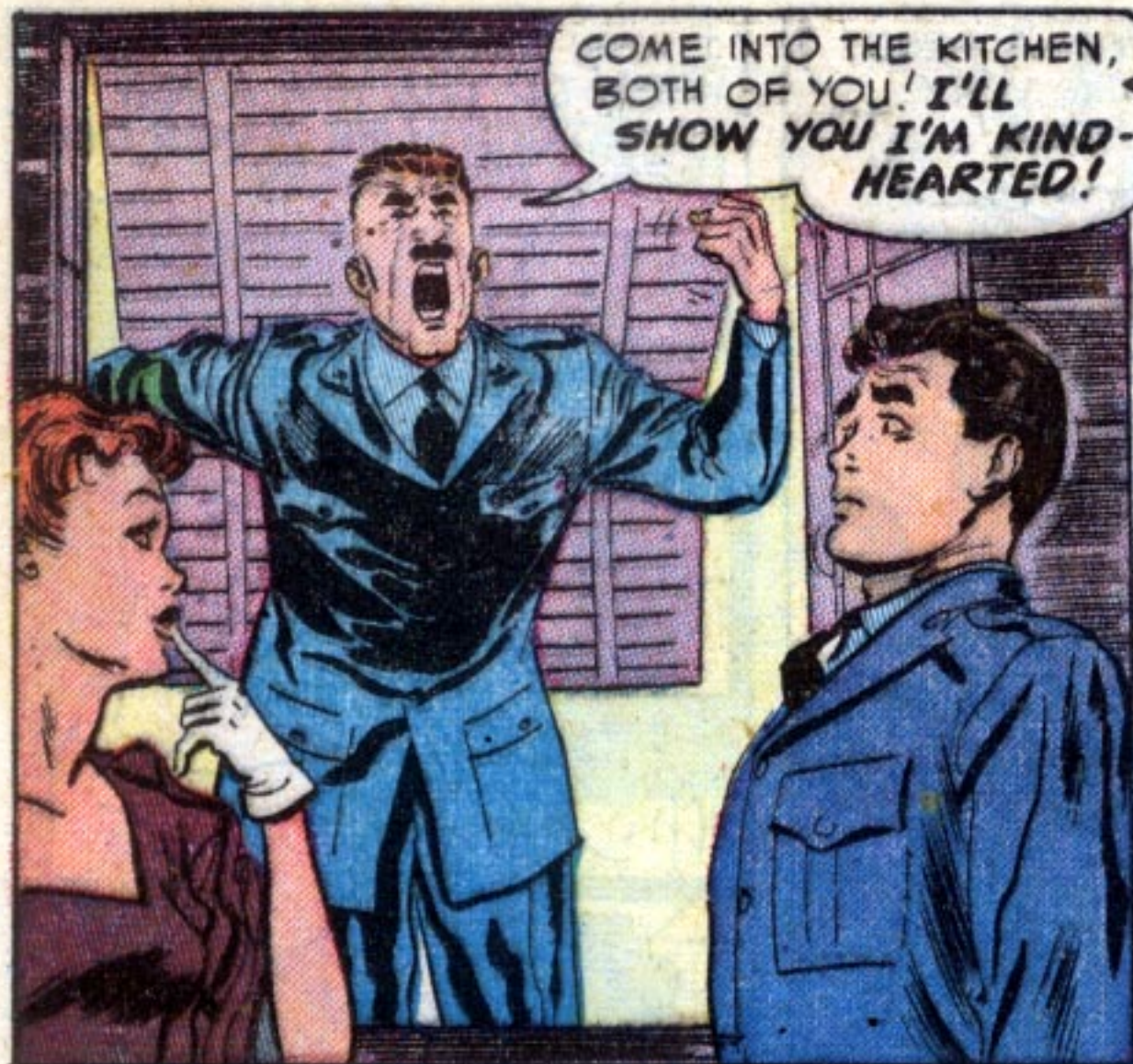
LARRY, WHY DO YOU CADETS CONSIDER MY FATHER A **MONSTER?**

WELL--UM--AH-- LOTS OF FELLOWS SEEM TO FEEL THAT HE MAKES OUR LIVES A LIVING NIGHTMARE!



WHAT INCREDIBLE ROT! I'M A VERY KIND-HEARTED MAN!

YES SIR! YOU ARE INDEED, SIR! EVERYONE SAYS SO-- SORT OF--



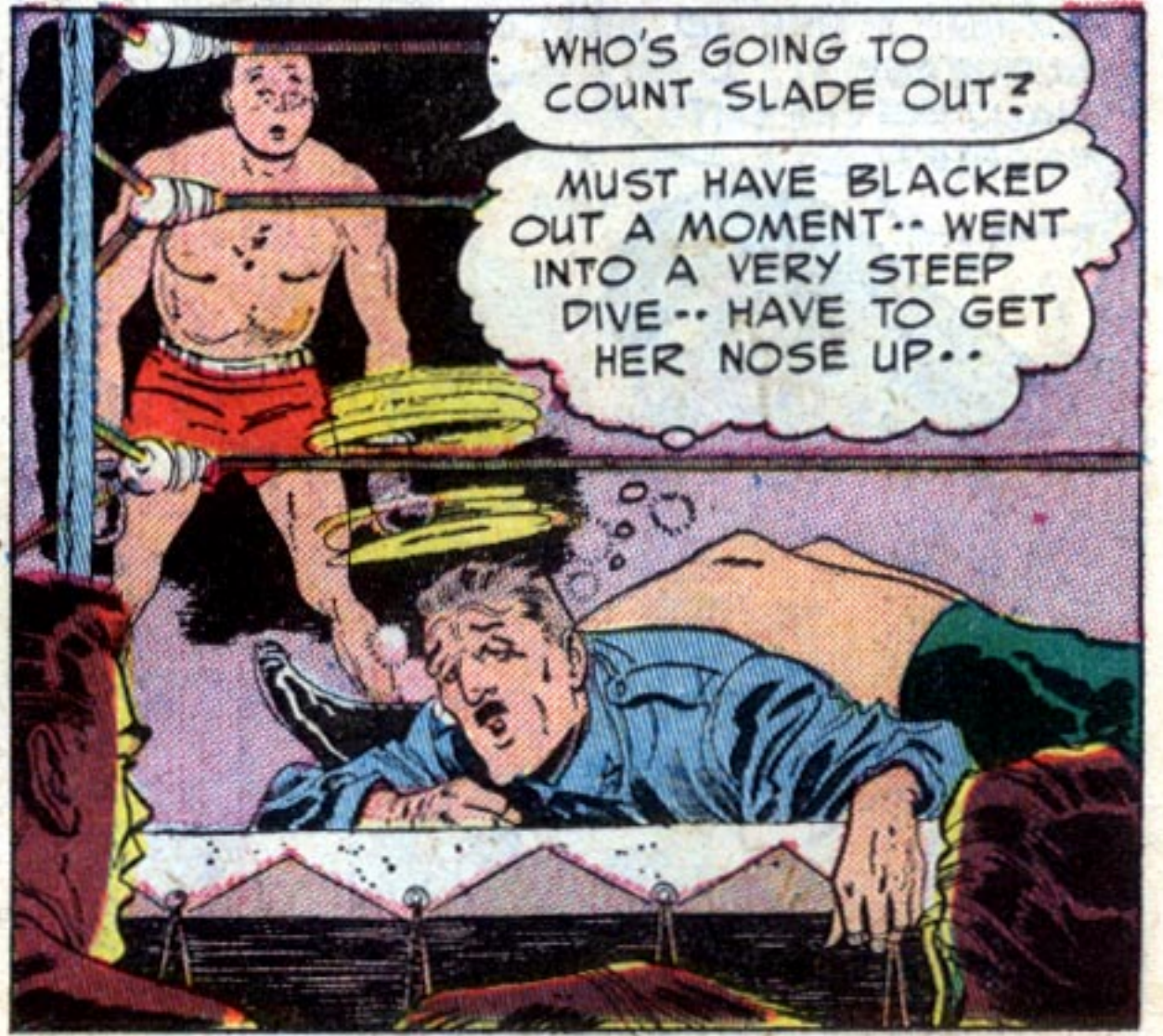
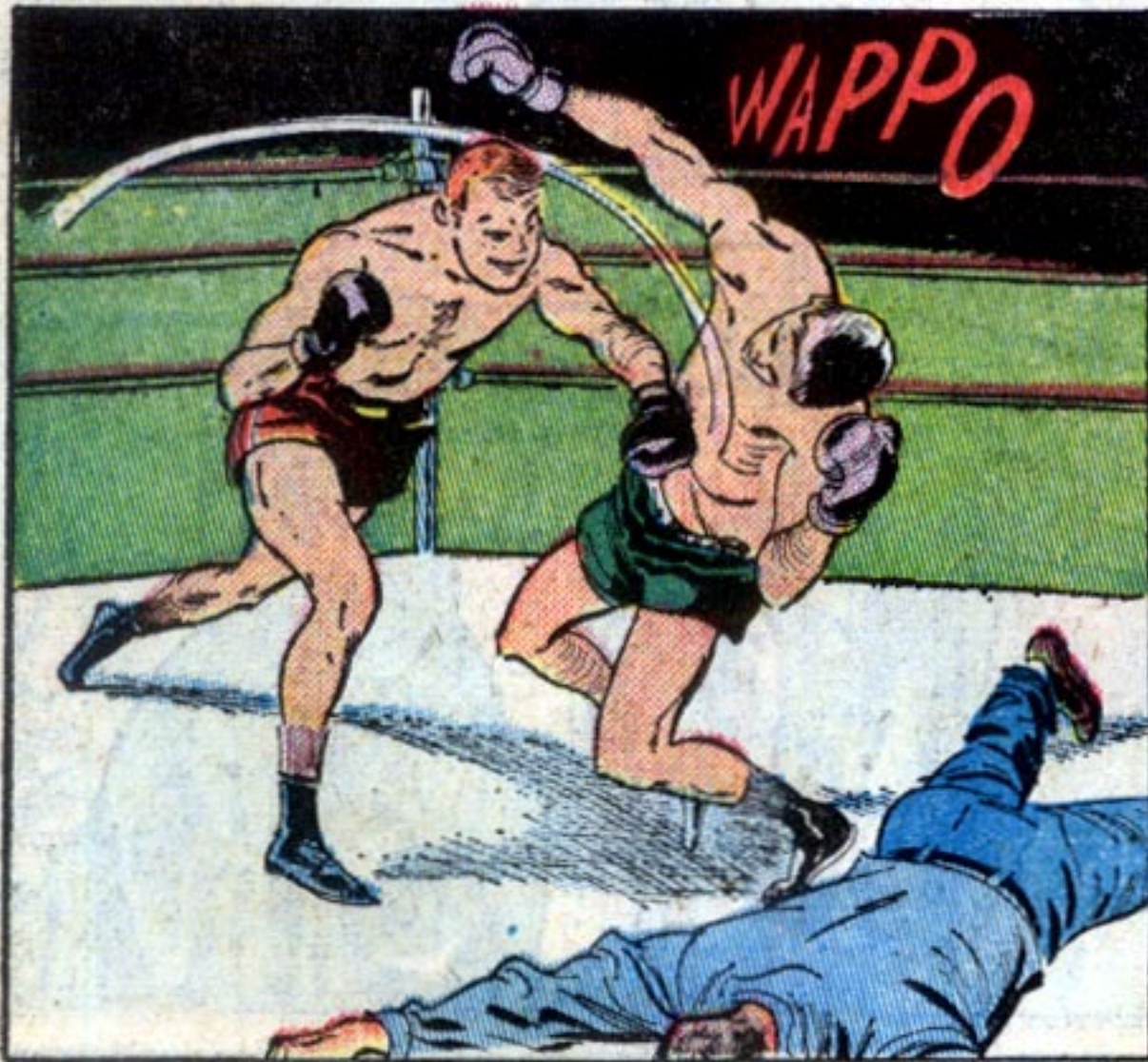
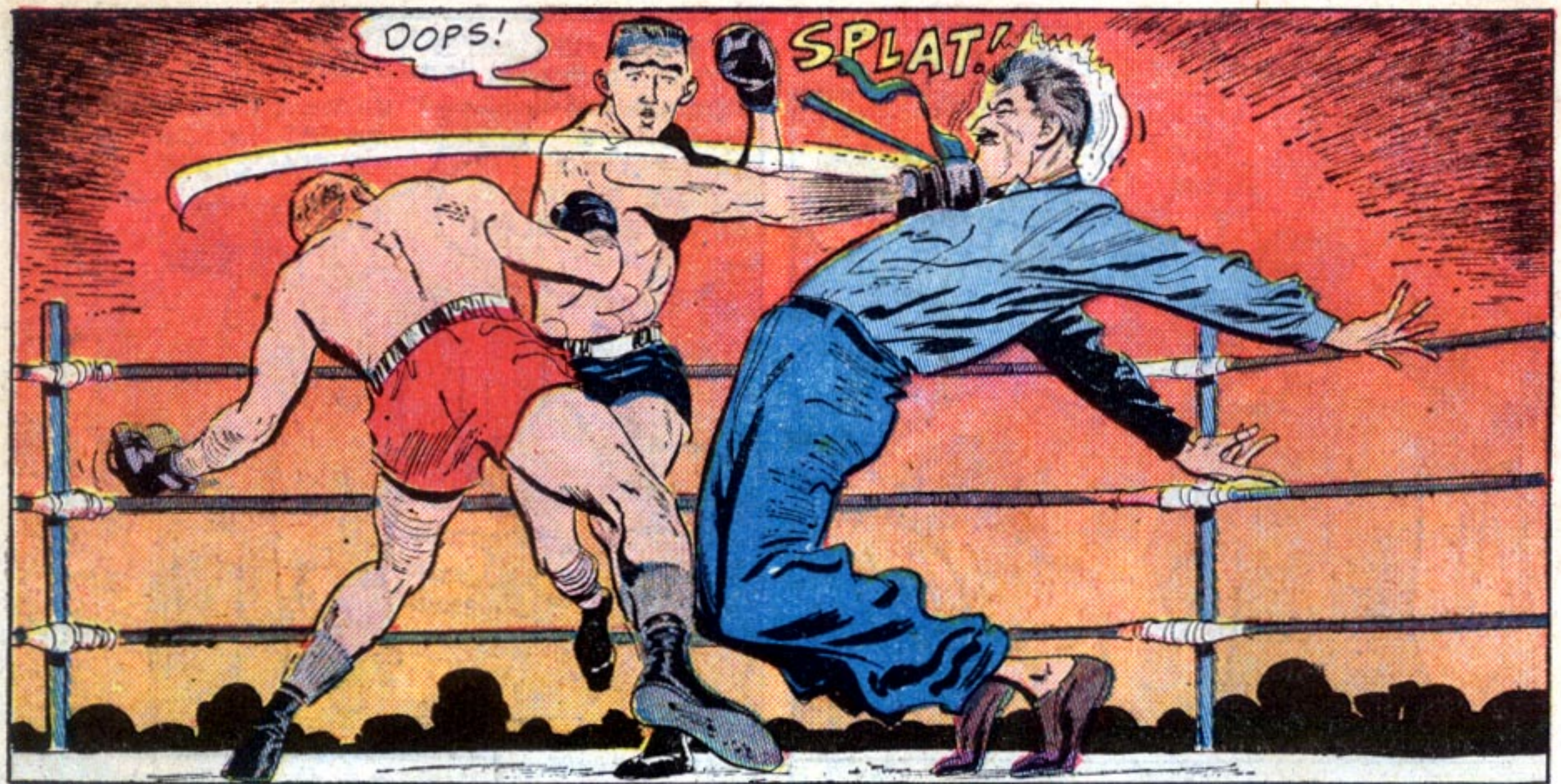
THE NEXT DAY THE COLONEL WORKS HIS NEW FOUND CHARM RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE.



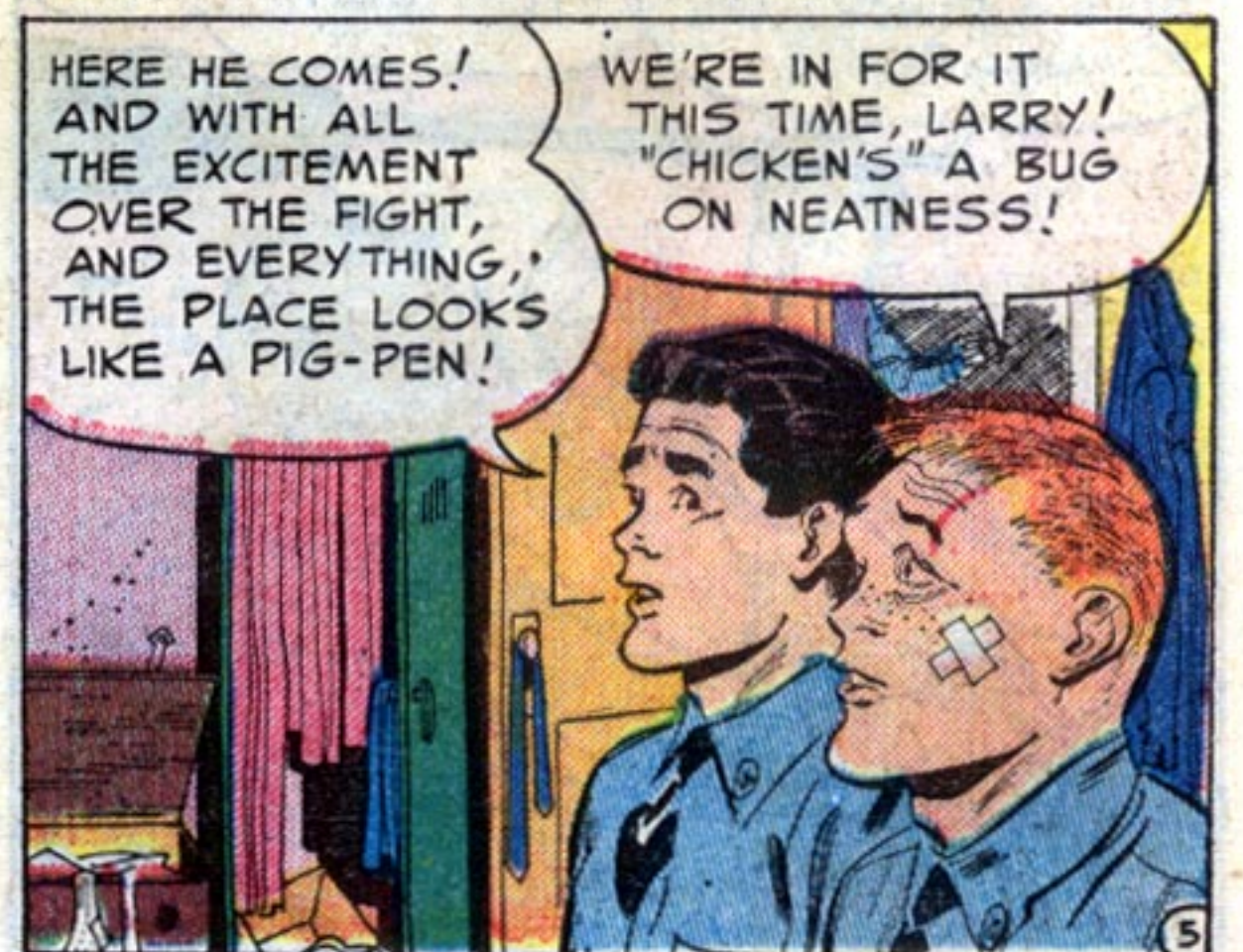
AT EASE, MEN! LET'S NOT OVER-DO MILITARY FORMALITY! HOLIDAY, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE BOXING SLIDE RULE SLADE TONIGHT!

YES, SIR! I'LL MURDER THE BUM--I MEAN I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO WREST VICTORY FROM MR. SLADE, SIR!





THE NEXT MORNING, AND THE MOST SOUL-SEARING MOMENT OF THE WEEK ARRIVES... THE COLONEL'S SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION.

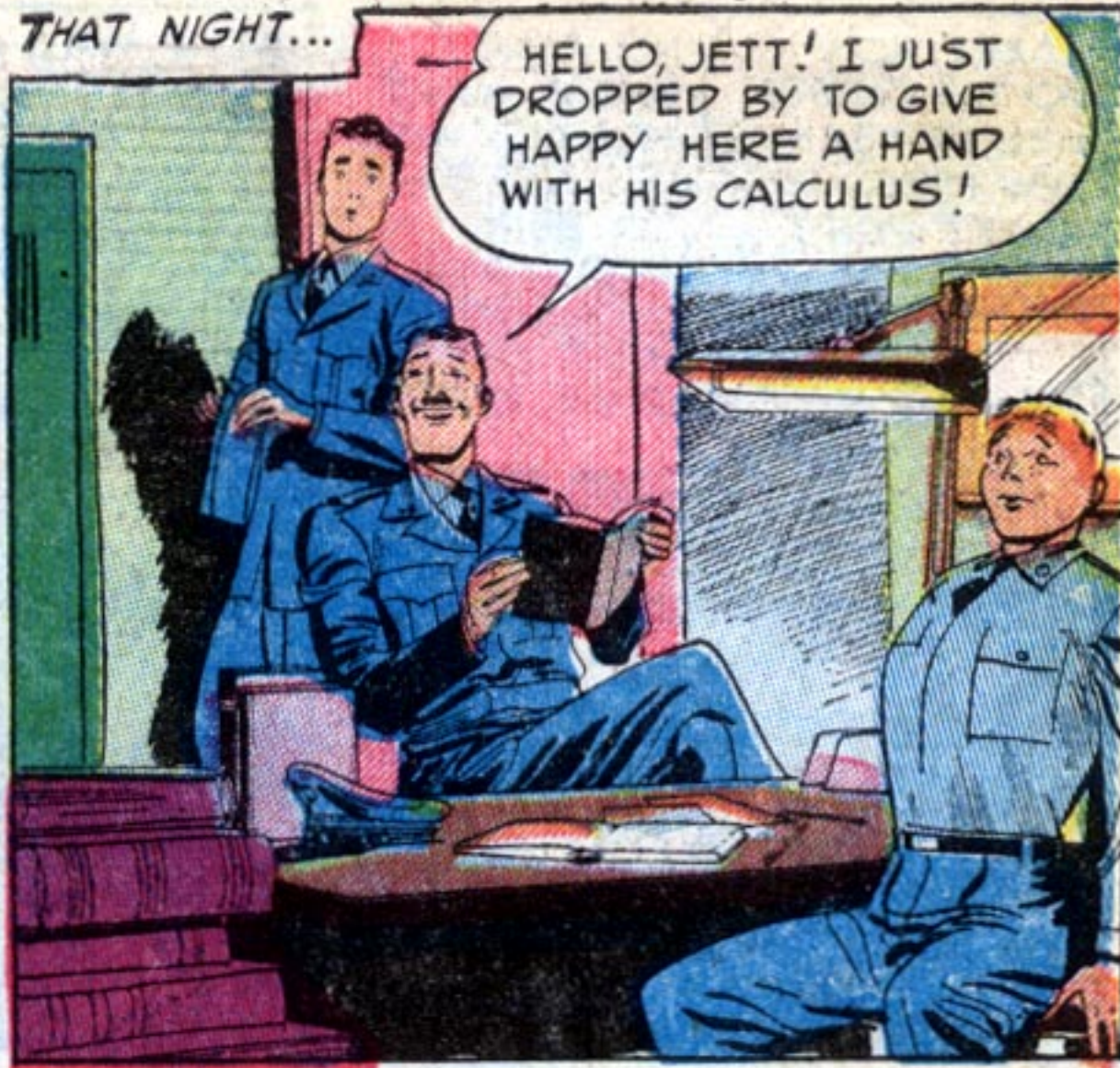




HEM! NOT PERFECT, PERHAPS, BUT THEN WE'RE ONLY HUMAN, AREN'T WE? **PASSED INSPECTION!**

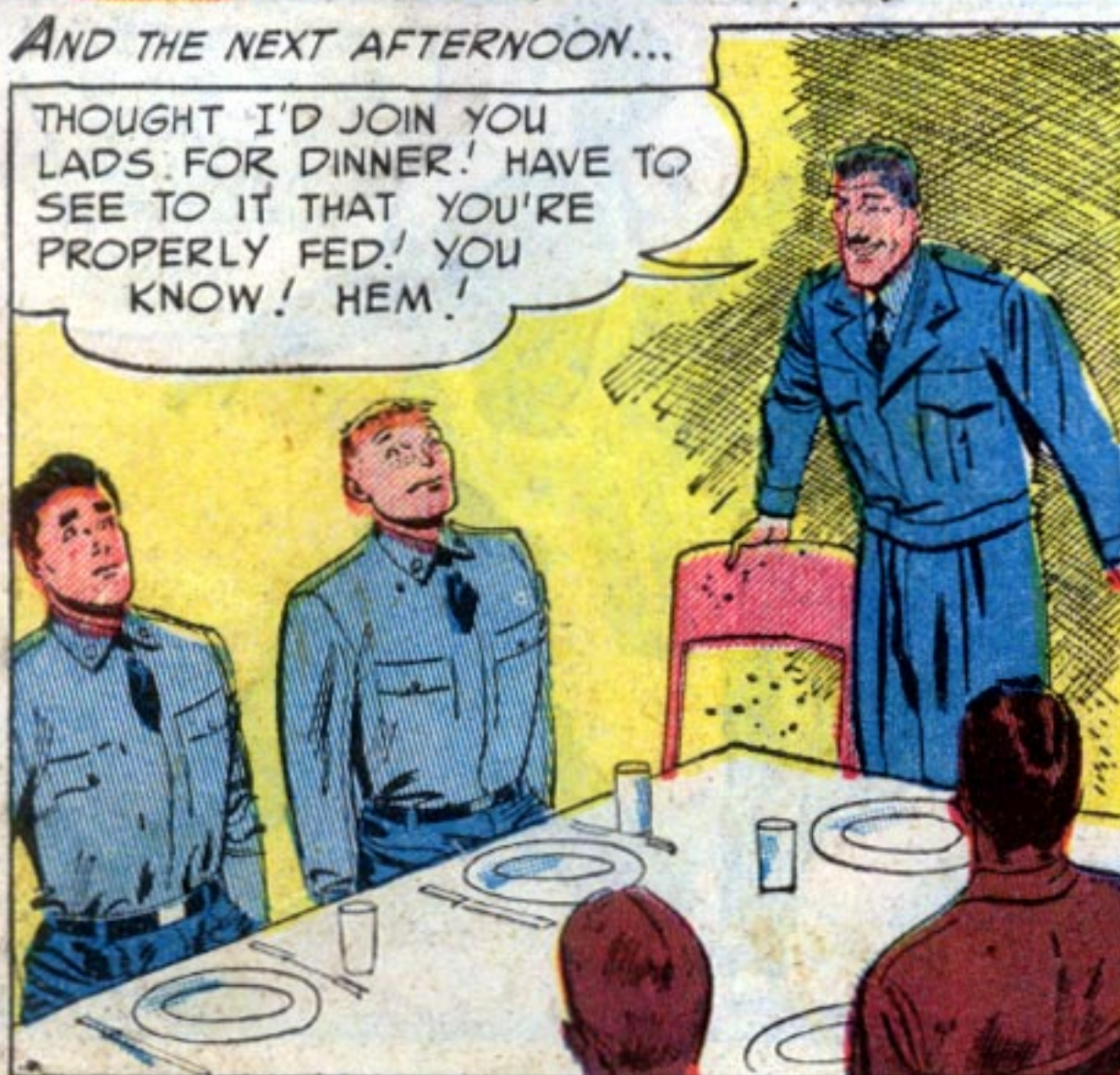
WHAT??
...SIR?

THAT NIGHT...



HELLO, JETT! I JUST DROPPED BY TO GIVE HAPPY HERE A HAND WITH HIS CALCULUS!

AND THE NEXT AFTERNOON...



THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU LADS FOR DINNER! HAVE TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE PROPERLY FED! YOU KNOW! HEM!



IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T MILITARY! THE COLONEL'S GOT NO RIGHT TO FORCE CADETS TO ASSOCIATE WITH AN OFFICER!

IT'S DISRUPTING OUR MORALE, THAT'S WHAT IT'S DOING!



WHY DOESN'T THE COLONEL **STAY** A MONSTER, INSTEAD OF CHANGING AND CONFUSING US?

AN OFFICER'S GOT NO BUSINESS GOING AROUND BEING **CHARMING!**



LARRY, HOW DO THE CADETS LIKE FATHER'S NEW PERSONALITY? DON'T THEY THINK IT'S WONDERFUL?

NO, ANNE! **THEY HATE IT!** THEY WISH HE'D GO BACK TO BEING A FIEND AND A MONSTER-- **JUST THE WAY HE WAS!**



SO I WAS A MONSTER, HEY? YOU'RE CONFINED TO QUARTERS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, JETT! GET GOING!

Y-YES, SIR! GOSH, THIS IS LIKE **OLD TIMES!**



AH HAH! I KNEW IF I PULLED A SURPRISE INSPECTION I'D FIND YOU LIVING LIKE **PIGS!** EVERY CADET IN THIS SCHOOL IS GOING TO RATE A PUNISHMENT DETAIL, AND I'LL PAY **SPECIAL ATTENTION TO YOU TWO!**



YOU TOO, SLIDE RULE?

ME, TOO! THE COLONEL DIDN'T FORGET THAT PUNCH IN THE NOSE I GAVE HIM!

SO WHAT? EVERY GUY IN THE JOINT'S WALKING PUNISHMENT TOURS!



CHARM'S ALL RIGHT IN IT'S WAY, BUT DISCIPLINE'S THE IMPORTANT THING! **DISCIPLINE!**



WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT, HAP?

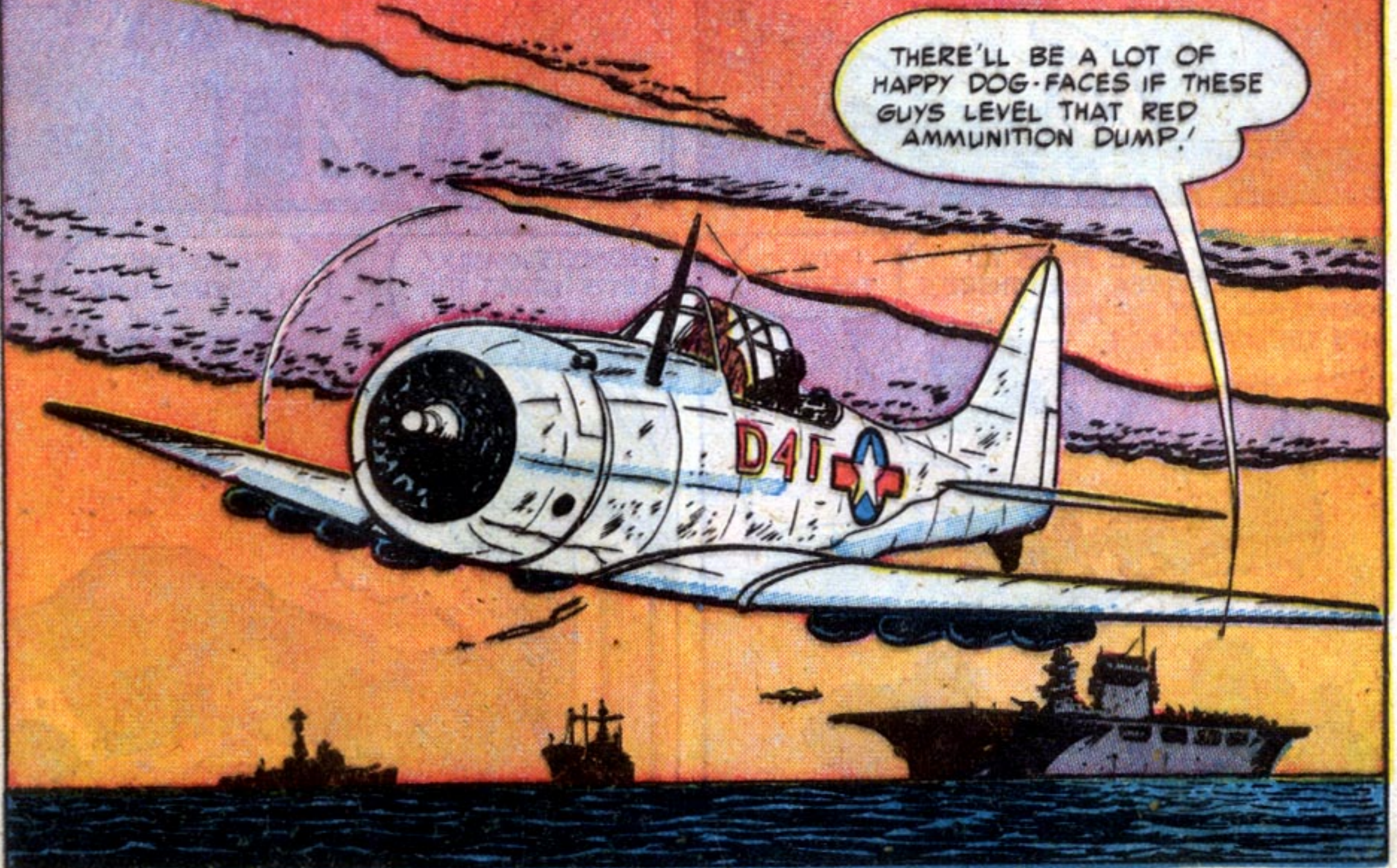
BECAUSE NOW I'M MISERABLE, THE WAY I'M USED TO BEING MISERABLE! I'M A CONSERVATIVE, LARRY-- I DON'T HOLD WITH CHANGES-- I'M WILLING TO LET COLONELS BE COLONELS!

THE END

NAVY WINGS

IN KOREAN WATERS, A FIGHTER-BOMBER GROUP TAKES OFF FROM THE DECK OF A CARRIER ON AN IMPORTANT BOMBING MISSION.

THERE'LL BE A LOT OF HAPPY DOG-FACES IF THESE GUYS LEVEL THAT RED AMMUNITION DUMP!



INSIDE ONE OF THE FIGHTER BOMBERS, THE RECENTLY COMMISSIONED ENSIGN, TIM CRANDALL, ENJOYS HIS NEW AUTHORITY.

LOVELY DAY FOR A BOMBING RUN, ISN'T IT, MR. CRANDALL?

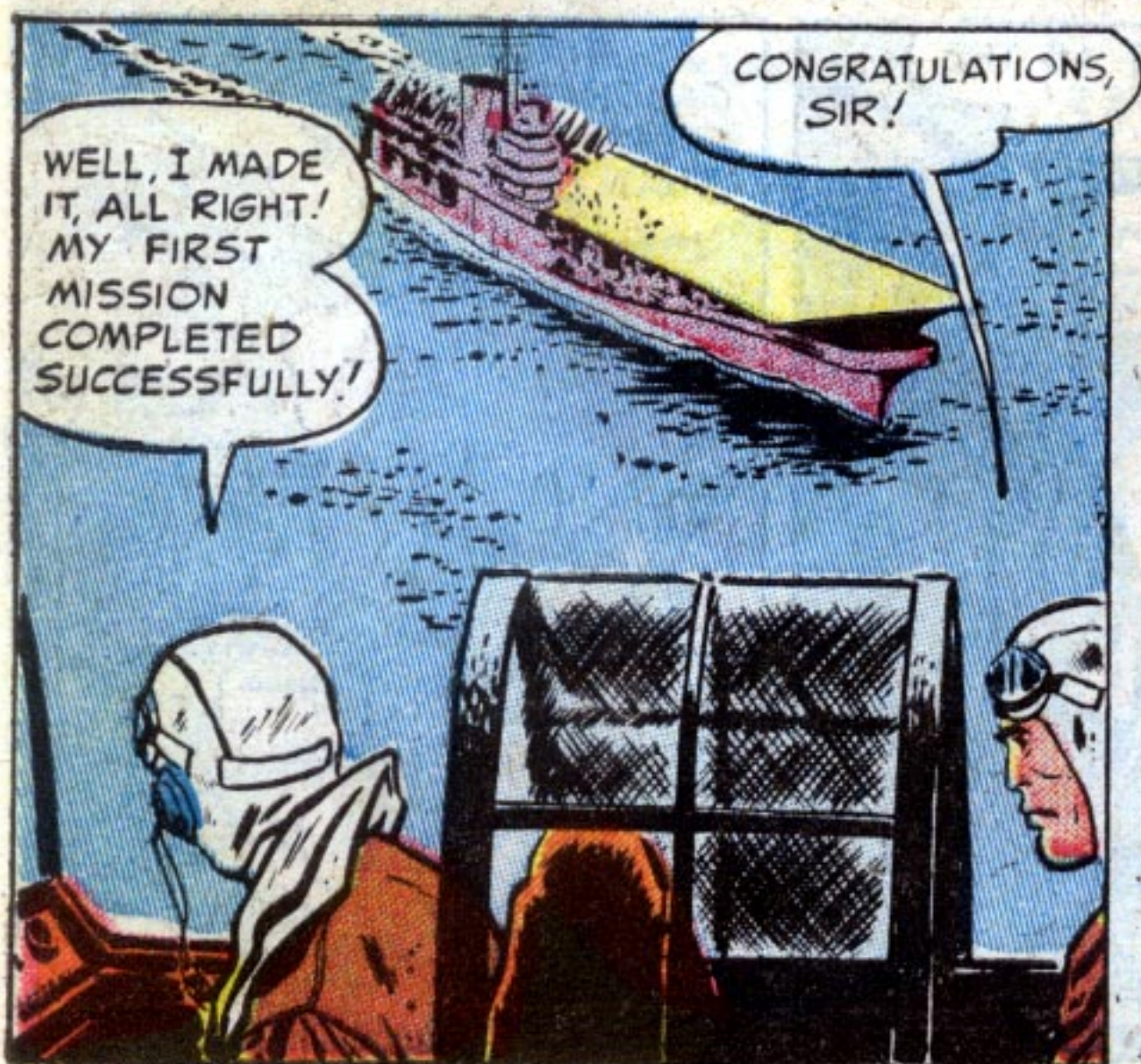
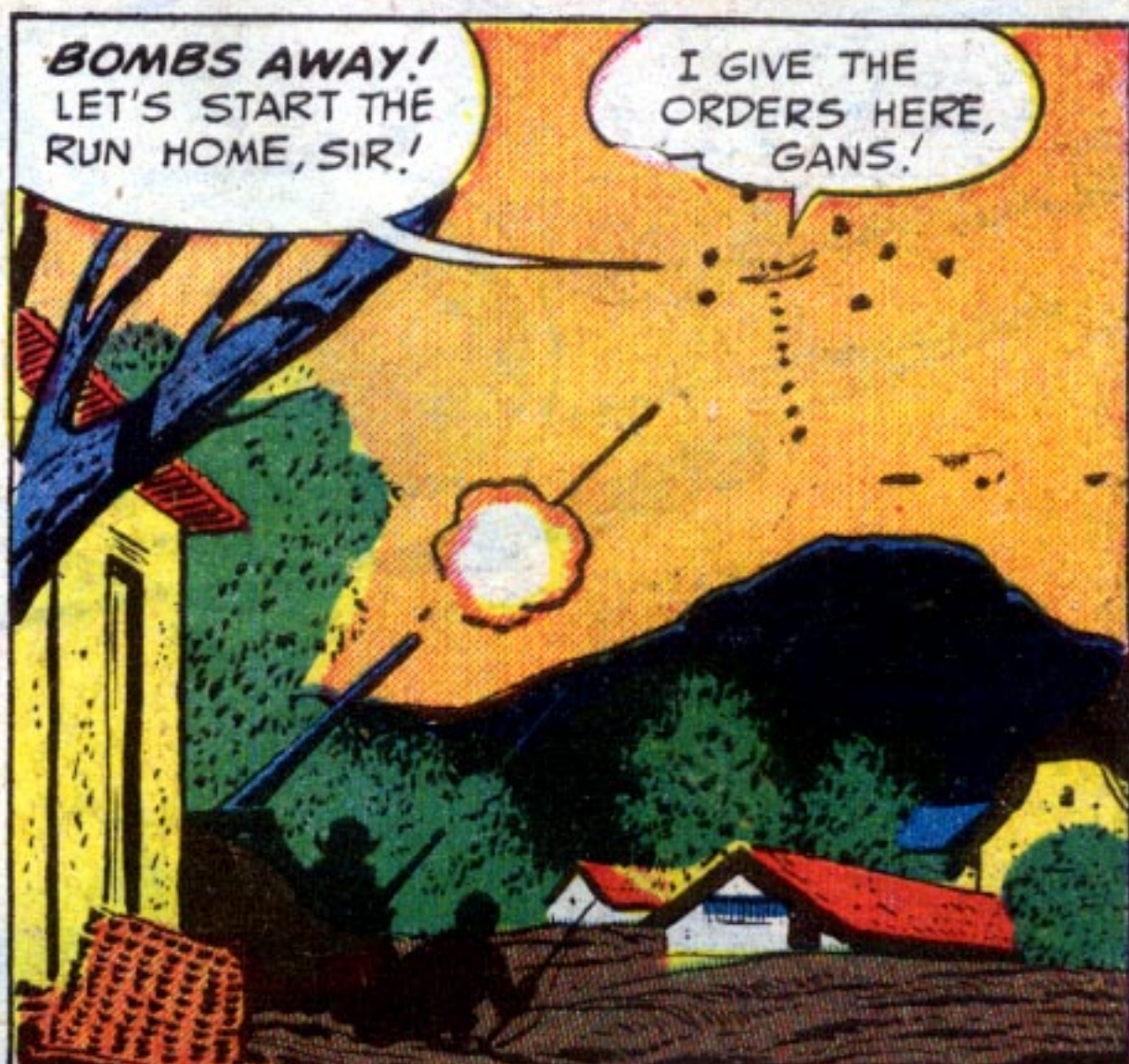
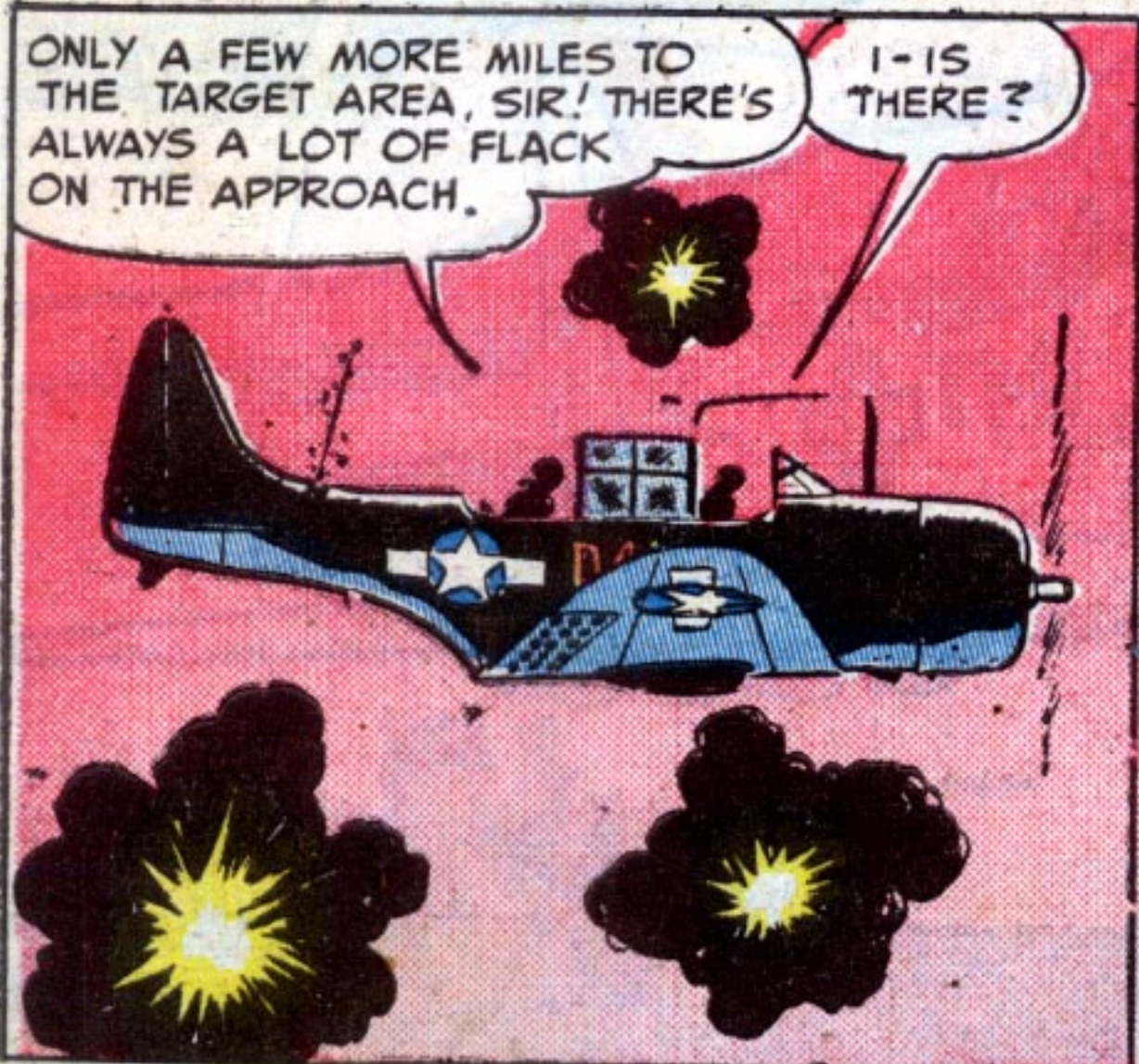
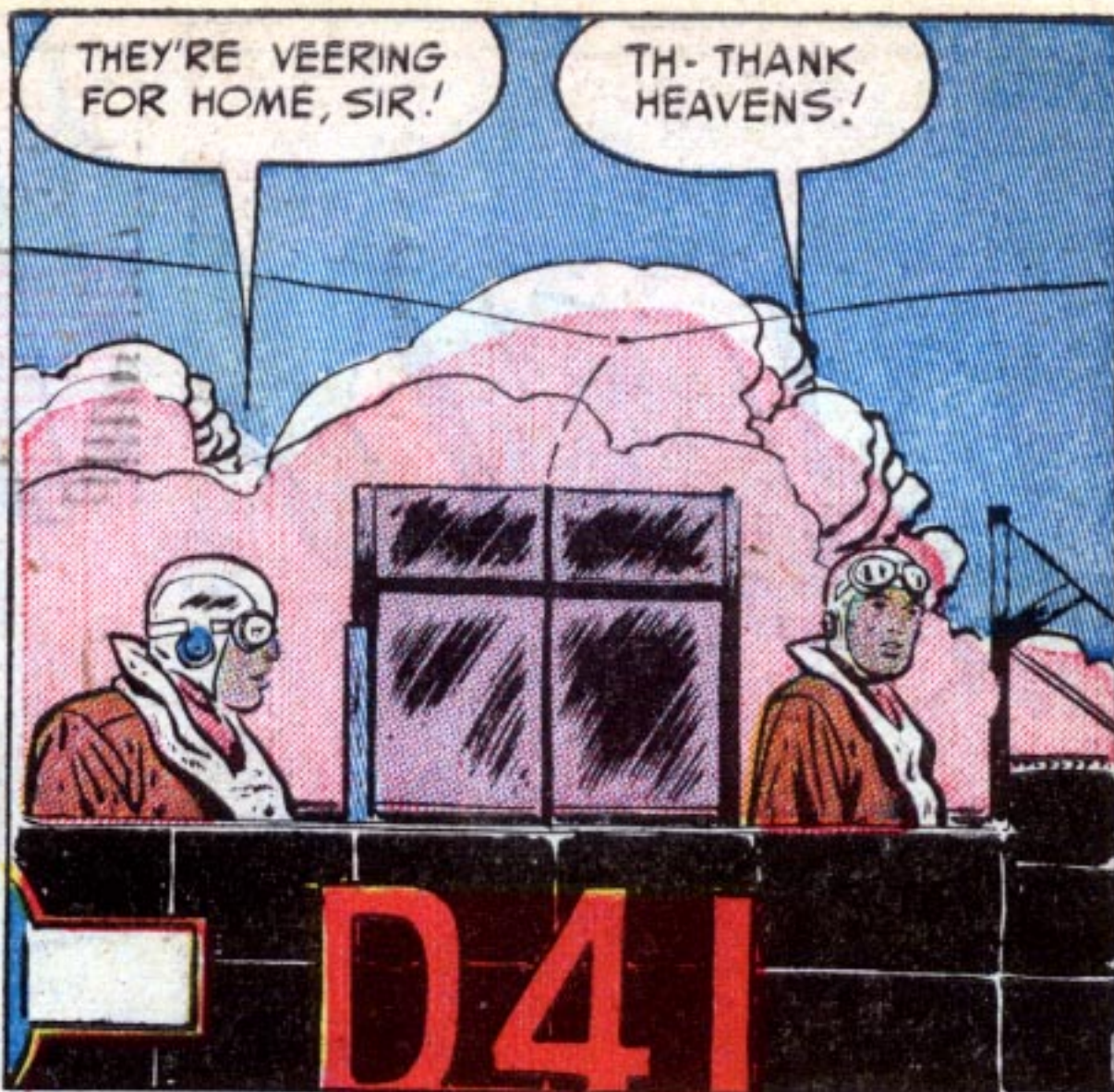
I DON'T APPROVE OF FRATERNIZING WITH YOUR OFFICERS, GANS!

YES SIR, JUST AS THE ENSIGN WISHES!

I'M THE CAPTAIN, HERE, GANS, AND YOU'RE THE CREW! LET'S KEEP THAT STRAIGHT!



AS THE GROUP APPROACHES THE TARGET AREA, A SWARM OF MIGS FLIES OUT TO MEET THEM.



CRANDALL! YOU'VE GOT AN
UNRELEASED BOMB HANGING!
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LAND!



AN UNRELEASED BOMB!
UH-UH—WHAT—WHAT
SHALL WE DO,
GANS?



TRY TO SET HER
DOWN IN THE OPEN SEA—
GENTLY!

I CAN'T! WE'RE
ALMOST OUT
OF GAS!



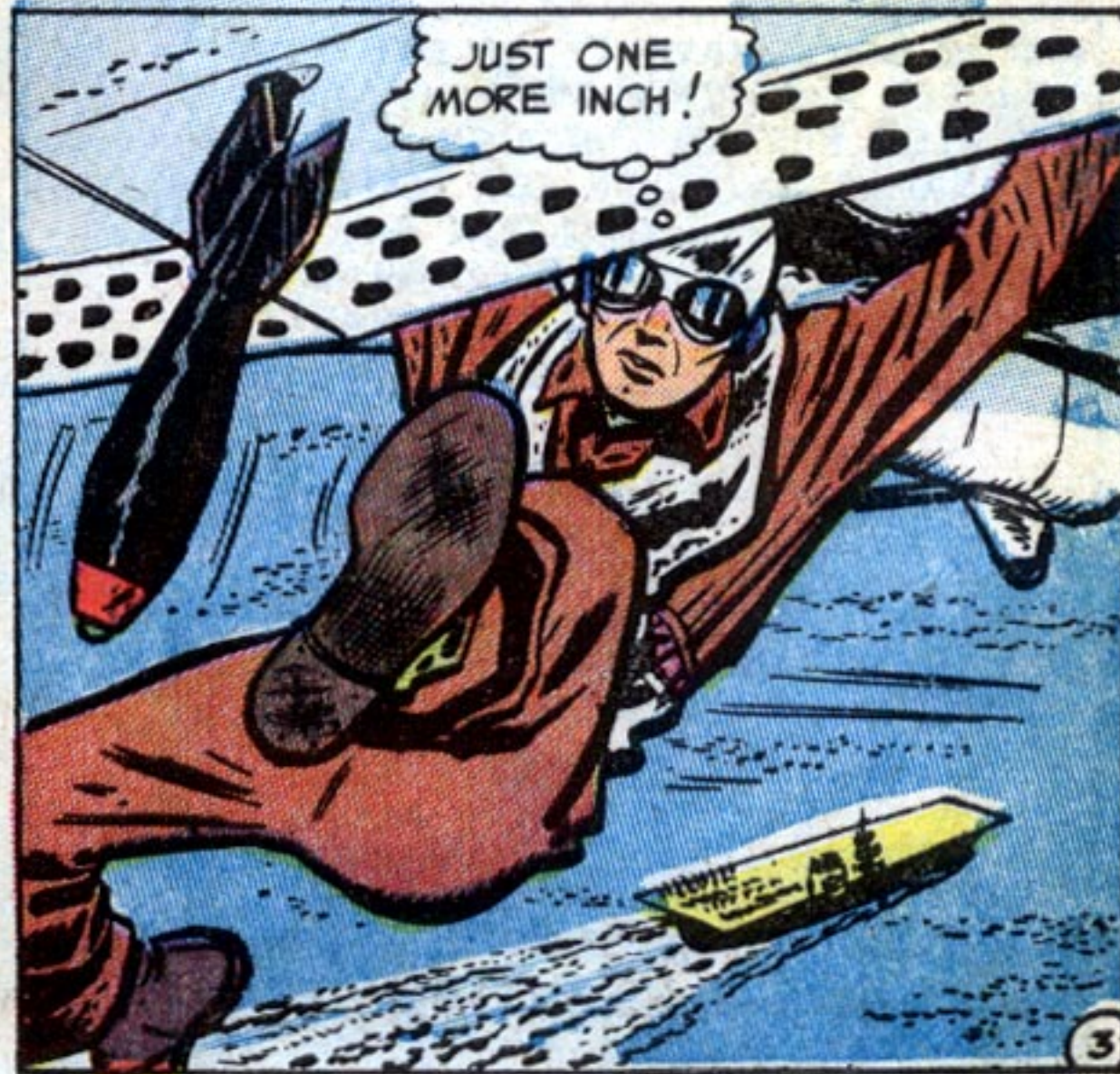
THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING TO DO, SIR—
IF WE WANT TO
LIVE!... I'LL TRY IT!



EASY DOES
IT, I HOPE!



JUST ONE
MORE INCH!





THANKS TO GAN'S COURAGE, THE BOMB DROPS AND EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE SEA.



AND HE SHALL HAVE IT! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A DECORATION, GANS! AND I'M ALSO PUTTING THROUGH A COMBAT COMMISSION FOR YOU! YOU'RE A LITTLE OLD FOR AN ENSIGN, SO I BETTER RECOMMEND THAT YOU BE MADE A LIEUTENANT!



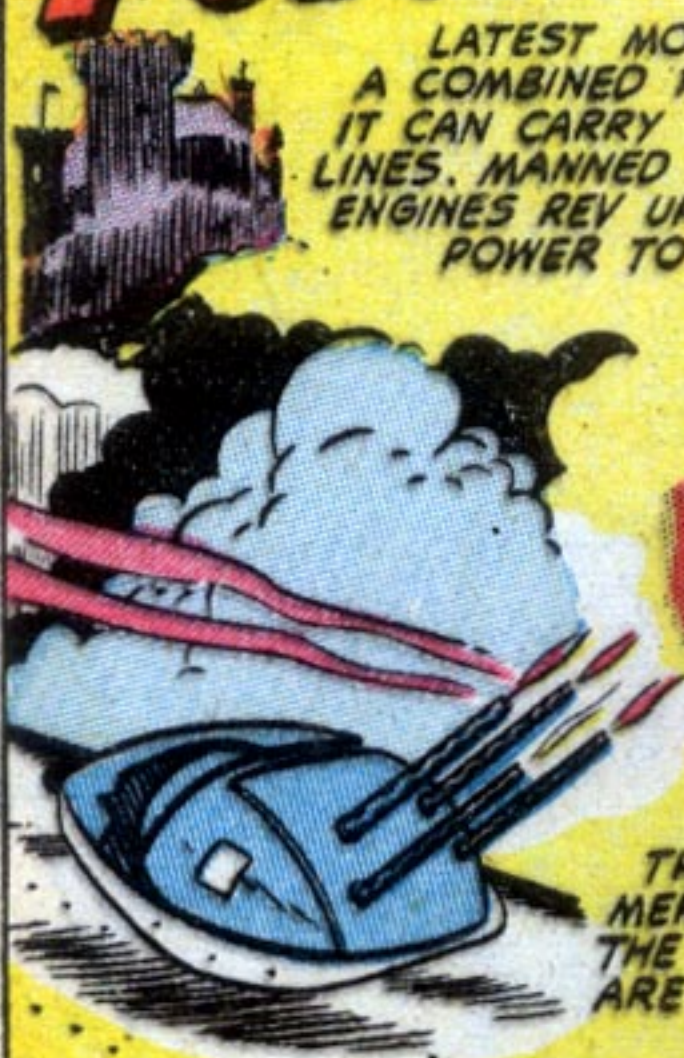
SO YOU OUT-RANK ME BY TWO FULL GRADES, SIR. CONGRATULATIONS!

AT EASE, MR. CRANDALL! LET'S BOTH LEARN NOT TO LET OUR SHOULDER-BOARDS WEIGH US DOWN TOO MUCH!



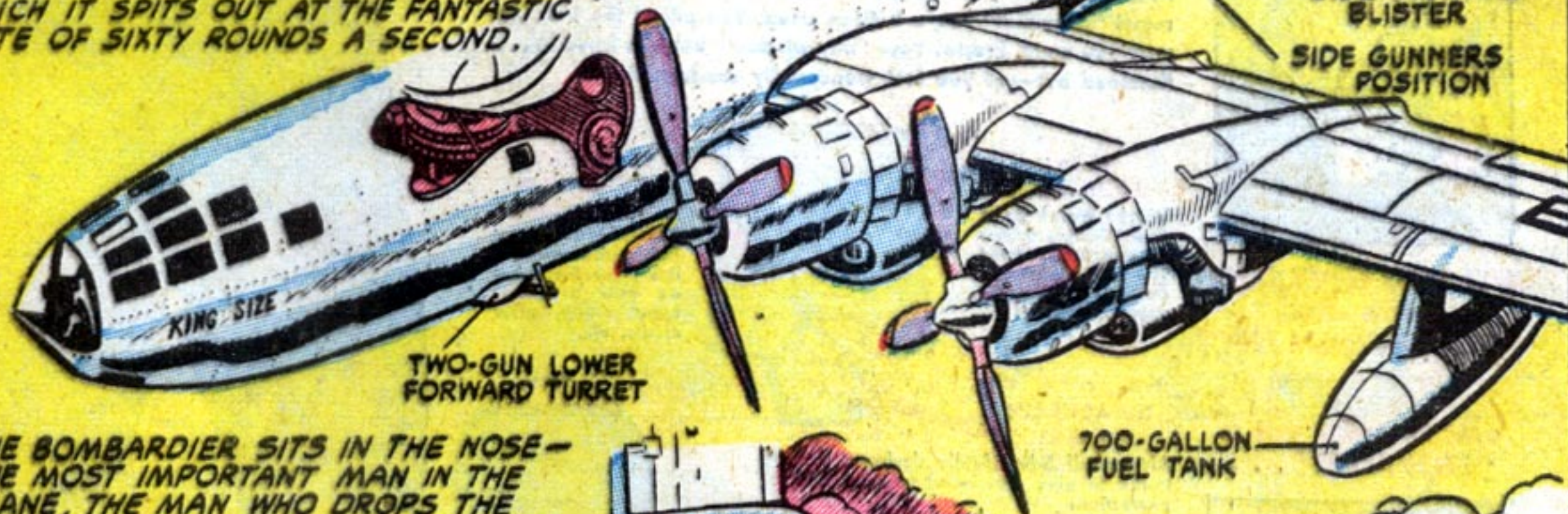
FORTRESS in the SKY

THE B-29, OR B.50D. AS THE LATEST MODEL IS CALLED, IS TODAY'S FORTRESS OF THE AIR. WITH A COMBINED FIREPOWER GREATER THAN ANY FORTIFIED CASTLE OF HISTORY, IT CAN CARRY A 10 TON LOAD OF BOMBS MILES TO THE REAR OF THE ENEMY LINES. MANNED BY A CREW OF MORE THAN 10 MEN, ITS WASP MAJOR ENGINES REV UP 14,000 HORSEPOWER FOR TAKE-OFFS. THAT'S ENOUGH POWER TO MOVE 930 OF THE BIGGEST FAMILY AUTOMOBILES.

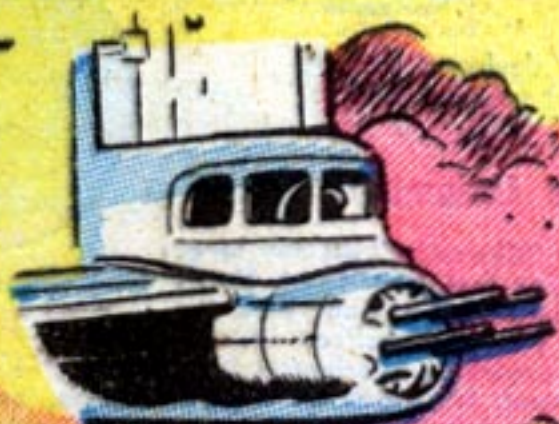


THE GUNNER AT THE SIDE BLISTER MERELY AIMS HIS SIGHT AND PULLS THE TRIGGER. THE UNMANNED GUNS ARE FIRED FROM THEIR REMOTE CONTROLLED POSITIONS.

THE UPPER FORWARD TURRET, LIKE THE TAIL GUN POSITION, IS THE MOST POWERFUL EVER CONCEIVED. IT PACKS FOUR POWERFUL CALIBER .50 MACHINE GUNS, LOADED WITH ARMOR PIERCING SLUGS, WHICH IT SPITS OUT AT THE FANTASTIC RATE OF SIXTY ROUNDS A SECOND.



THE BOMBARDIER SITS IN THE NOSE—THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE PLANE, THE MAN WHO DROPS THE BOMBS. CROUCHED IN HIS 60 POUND FLAK SUIT, HE FLIES THE SHIP BY MEANS OF THE BOMBSIGHT FOR THE LAST VITAL SECONDS OF THE BOMBING RUN.



THE REAR GUNNER IS A LONELY MAN. HE SITS ALL BY HIMSELF AT THE TAIL OF THE SHIP IN HIS OWN PRIVATE PRESSURIZED COMPARTMENT. HE SEES ONLY WHERE HE HAS BEEN, AND KEEPS TRACK OF THE HITS MADE BY THE BOMBARDIER.

FORWARD COMPARTMENT
FLIGHT CREW
BOMBARDIER
RADAR OPERATOR

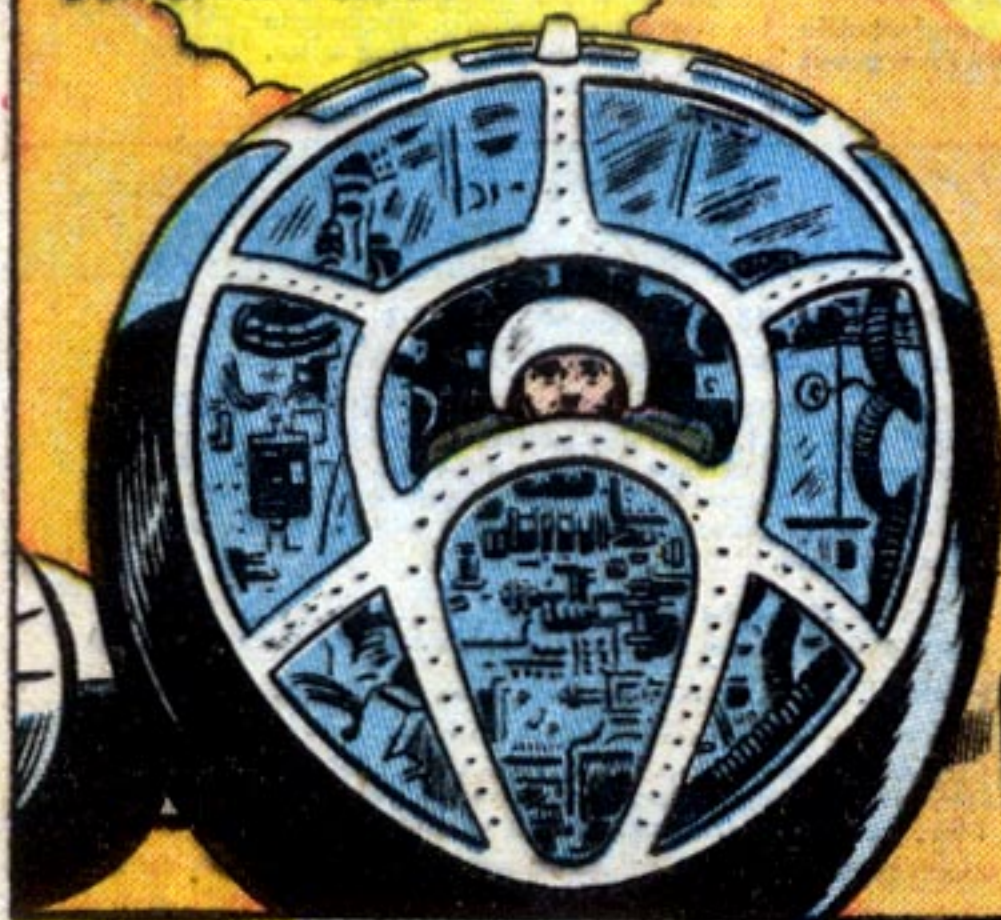
CENTRAL COMPARTMENT
GUNNERS
RADIO OPERATOR



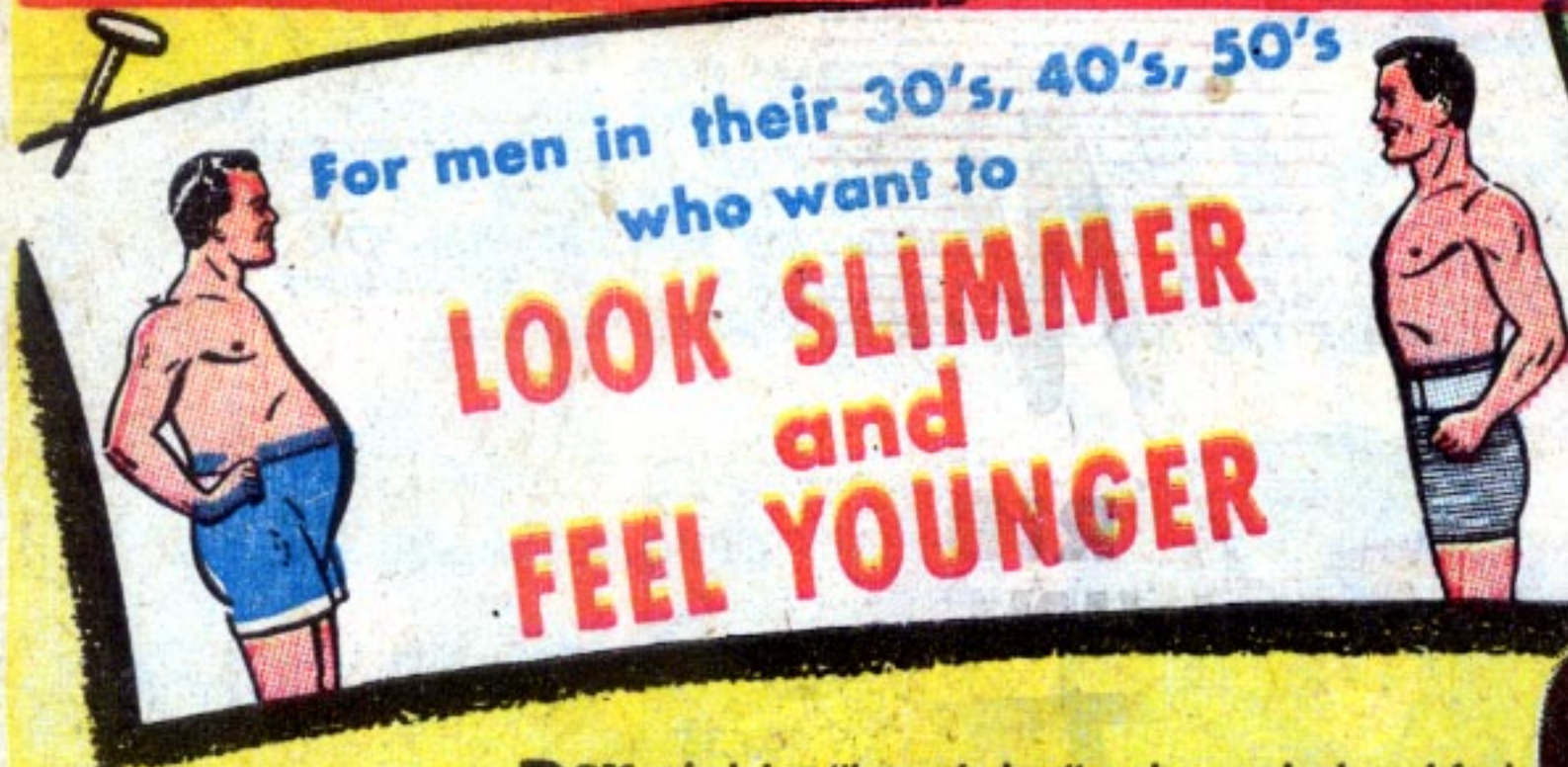
BOMB BAYS

TAIL GUNNER

THIS CROSS SECTION SHOWS THE PRESSURIZED CABIN. THE CONNECTING TUNNEL IS THE ONLY CONNECTION WHEN THE B-29 IS IN THE AIR. THE CREW MEMBERS MUST PULL THEMSELVES THROUGH IT ON A LITTLE WHEELED CART.



An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
'CHEVALIER'!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-men's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View

FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2701-B
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a **CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT**. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return **CHEVALIER** to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is.....
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

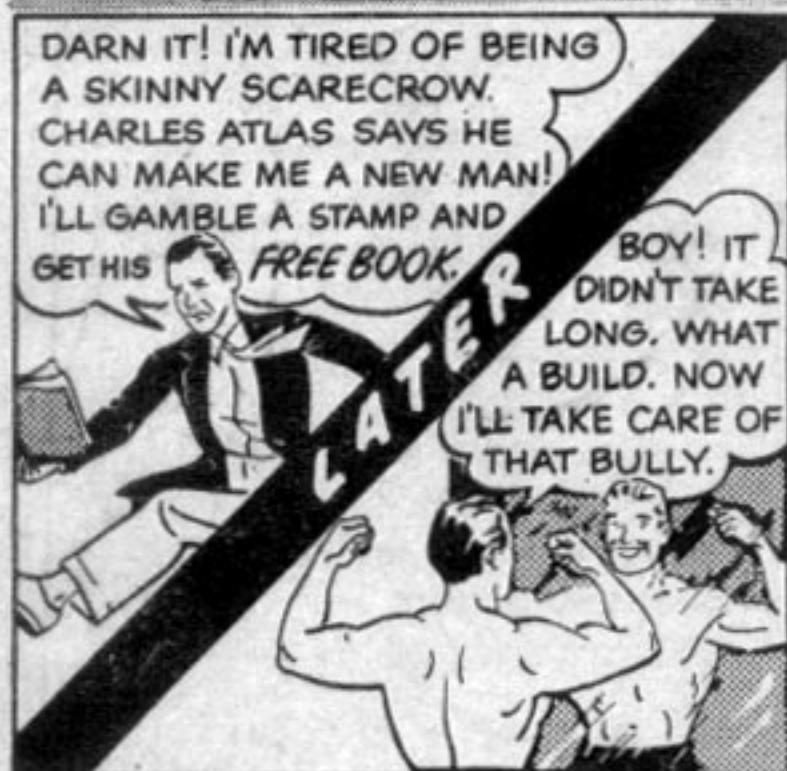
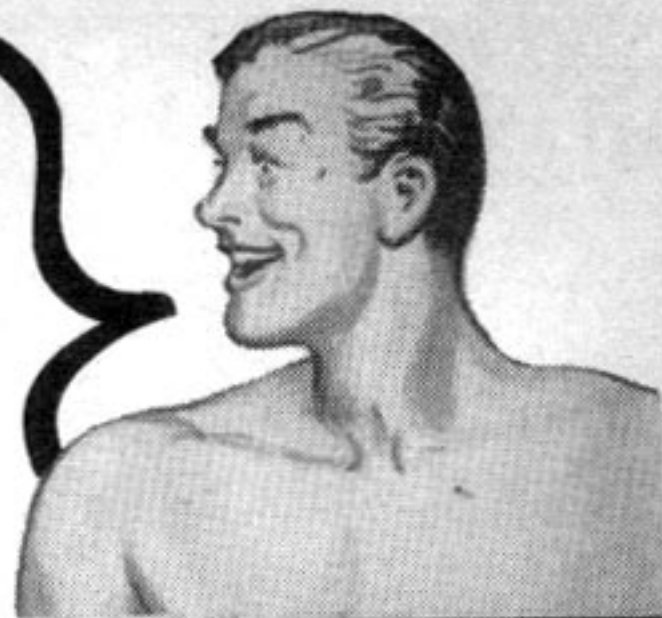
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...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!**



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



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What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 376N, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376N
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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

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City..... State.....

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